

American

MARCH 1954

MERCURY

The
about

FACTS

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ARTHUR GODFREY

Plus outstanding articles by ALAN DEVOE,
GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, H. L. VARNEY,
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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The Facts **ABOUT** **Arthur Godfrey**

By Jack O'Brian

ARTHUR GODFREY is not a singer. He is not a comedian. But he is, several times over, a millionaire. And his best friends are millionaires.

Somehow, this striking notion does not seem to bother the vast concentration of Godfrey fans as much as it bothers Godfrey himself. As a matter of public relations, he pretends that his vast holdings are as near to non-existence as possible.

This feeling that large piles of cash might strike some of his public as vulgar, ostentatious even for a man of much highly publicized success, is only of recent vintage. Two years ago I was off on a week end to

Miami Beach with Arthur Godfrey; his business manager, Leo D'Orsay, one of the nation's top tax experts and fiscal lawyers; and our wives. It was our first sight of the fabulous passenger plane the aviation industry had presented to Arthur Godfrey in gratitude for the fantastic good will he had promoted for commercial aviation.

The plane's fittings were fabulous. The innards contained lounges, desks, cocktail implements, a kitchen, powder room, an airship-to-shore telephone, even a television set.

We fell to discussing the Godfrey

Legend with Leo D'Orsay, the only man in the world — including Godfrey — who knows how much Arthur is worth. D'Orsay was not reluctant then.

We were discussing Godfrey's contract with the Columbia Broadcasting System, which had been signed not long before.

"It's the last contract Arthur will ever sign with any network," D'Orsay said.

He explained that Arthur then was 48 years old, that he would be 58 at the expiration of the pact — in 1961 — at which time he would undoubtedly be ready, probably anxious, to get along to something other than the deadly daily deadline of microphone and camera.

"Of course," said D'Orsay, "Arthur hasn't had to worry about money for years."

We asked what he meant. We can't remember with positive exactness, but it sounded somewhat like this:

"American Tel. & Tel., Anawhatzis Copper, Atlantic & Potomac, A. & Z., Anaheim & Azuzza Power & Light, Anteater Inc.," and so on; as neat, solid-sounding names as you would hear anywhere short of Dun & Bradstreet's fanciest alphabetics.

D'Orsay rattled off a dozen or more names under "A" and went on to "B" and then "C." It was an amazing display not only of Godfrey's investments but of D'Orsay's memory.

ARTHUR GODFREY has not, let us assert right here, amassed all this fortune through some fiscal fluke nor through holes punched suddenly in the Internal Revenue by the hard-hitting Mr. D'Orsay. Be it remembered that Arthur literally has been in the Big Money since 1934.

That was the year when he first was heard by Walter Winchell on the very first night he took to Washington radio with a witching-hours disc-jockey-and-chatter show.

Winchell and some friends were sitting in New York and someone was doodling with the dials on the radio set. The Godfrey voice, the intonation, the gentle impudence, the simple, unaffected approach, struck Winchell's quick ear. He called the radio station in Washington whence Godfrey's gabby imper tinences were originating.

Godfrey took the call, but simply didn't believe it was Winchell. After another call, he believed.

Winchell said he loved the show; keep it up.

Godfrey said thanks; he would.

Then started a constant barrage of admiration in Winchell's syndicated column that no press agent extant could have hoped for. Godfrey told us the story himself, several times.

"Suddenly my salary shot up to \$750 a week, and the very next week to \$1,000," he told us, wonderment at the miracle still present after 18 years.

"I haven't made less than \$1,000 a week since."

This, of course, is modesty triumphant. To break out the full facts, Arthur Godfrey now gets \$35,000 a week from the Columbia Broadcasting System.

His furious succession of radio and TV shows earn for the Columbia Broadcasting System a gross total of more than \$17,000,000 per year.

Godfrey's portion is 10 per cent of that, or a little over \$1,700,000.

Even after taxes, this is a heady hunk of cash. It has been estimated that after Uncle Sam finishes his annual avuncular carving, some \$300,000 is left.

That is roughly around \$6,000 a week after taxes.

Naturally, the millions-and-more that Godfrey already has stashed away in investments spread their annual dividends into cash, or coupons, or into more stock. He owns some New York City real estate. He is an equal partner in one of the finest perfumeries this side of Paris: Cicogne, Inc.

Godfrey has large holdings in the frozen fruit industry, in a bank, in real estate developments elsewhere; and if we hear the furtive murmurs correctly, some oil property gushing nicely, thank you.

As for his famous "farm" at Leesburg, Va., it is a stretch of rolling land worth roughly more than a million. It is stocked to the hilt with blooded cattle and livestock of all kinds. But please do not get the

notion that Arthur is that sorry fellow, a "gentleman farmer." Far from it. His farm makes money.

ONE of the minor mysteries around Radio-TV Row is how the story started that Arthur Godfrey is "tight," penurious, a miser. He is not. Thrifty — yes. But tight — never.

He pays most of his entertainers "scale," meaning union minimums, or not much more than scale. But this alone is a lot of salary. Take the recently-exploded-to-stardom Julius La Rosa as an instance. Paid only a hair above "scale," this young sailor Godfrey had discovered singing in a Navy base earned about \$1,000 a week at the time of his noisy exodus from the good ship Godfrey.

When he takes the members of his air shows with him on week end junkets to Miami Beach, or wherever, there never is any question of who hoists the tab; it always is Godfrey. Nor does he select one or two members of his Gang for such fun forays; he takes as many as his plane comfortably will tote.

It is not miserliness, as the gossips would have it; nor pride of riches, as Godfrey himself fears, that causes his bad publicity. It is the emotional explosions that punctuate his paternalistic relations with his employees. Details of the Julius La Rosa blunder — in which Godfrey fired the young singer before a coast-to-coast audience — got unprecedented publicity. But internal com-

bustion is no novelty among the Godfrey personnel.

Generally, what goes on before or after a radio show is of little interest to the public; the play's the thing. But in Godfrey's case, he has carried his radio and TV fans along so far into his private life — from his farm to his penthouse apartment, from swimming pools on the farm to ditto in Miami Beach hotels, with marginal details on the life and loves of his farm animals, his own enthusiasms from politics to ponies, and those of the members of his cast — that everything concerning the group is a matter for public nosiness.

We all know that Frank Parker is a year older than Godfrey. Godfrey uses that skimpy head start as a hook for laughs. Of course, we didn't know until Julius La Rosa let the kitten out of the bag that middle-aged Frank Parker at the age of fifty had to take ballet lessons; and that he did not like them.

Lots of more troublesome kittens escaped their confinement once La Rosa's case went into the headlines. It seemed to loosen tongues around CBS. Godfrey no longer was sacred. A strange, worried censorship had previously taken root in that \$17,000,000 or more in advertising revenue Godfrey delivered. Not even persons who were known to have had sad tales to tell were brave enough to talk. But suddenly, when the great legend tottered a little, the klatch began:

What about Irving Mansfield, the

CBS producer who gave Godfrey the idea for "Talent Scouts"? Wasn't he pushed off the show by Godfrey's anger?

What happened to Godfrey's first CBS bandleader, Henry Sylvern, who had been made as much a focal point of the fun as Archie Bleyer later was to become — until he too was fired along with Julius La Rosa?

WE CONTACTED Sylvern, and he was bitter about his strange departure from Godfrey's shows.

"I had a heart attack, from working so hard," he said. "I spent 13 weeks in an oxygen tent, another 13 weeks in the hospital, and the rest of a year recuperating."

Why hadn't he returned to the Godfrey shows?

"Because he didn't ask me to," said Sylvern, shrugging.

Any reason?

"I've never known one," he said.

What did Godfrey say about it?

"I never knew — he never called me."

Bill Lawrence, who once was to the Godfrey Gang what Julius La Rosa was to become, also was cased out of the Godfrey orbit after he went into service, was discharged medically, and came back to what he'd hoped would be his old job.

He also had bitter things to say, but wouldn't go far into detail. Godfrey told us young Lawrence was a "mixed-up kid, drank too much, and other stuff."

Lawrence said he never drank un-

til he got among the Godfrey Gang. That dispute remains, to no one's advantage.

The case of Margaret "Mug" Richardson, formerly Godfrey's closest associate, is mentioned often by informers who say "Mug would have a lot to tell, if she only would."

But "Mug" won't; she hasn't said anything to date but carefully complimentary things.

Some time ago reporters were loosed on the Godfrey pack, and each of his various shows' performers was interviewed on the subject of their millionaire boss. None would talk specifically about his farm, although they had been there; seems they had been warned never to discuss it. They would speak only in the most extravagant admiration.

Their stories were about the same: Godfrey was wonderful.

Since the La Rosa episode, some of these former statements have become a back-of-the-hand laughing matter. What they wouldn't discuss formerly, some of the cast now detail privately. All that had been sweetness and joy in the interviews now is shrugged off as something "we had to do."

We have been able at last to put a little more together in the complex mosaic of Godfrey's relations with his employees.

"And we *are* employees — he never lets us forget it," we were advised.

First thing a new performer is made aware of in the Godfrey scene

is the admonition in word and framed office signs which, summed up, insist: "Never bite the hand that feeds you." This is impressed heavily, even when the hand that is feeding may push the feed forcibly and with considerable discomfort to a person's pride.

Even Frank Parker, a man Godfrey publicly states was important to him when Godfrey's going was rough, has been told that "*you* can be replaced, too."

Lu Ann Simms was publicly admonished for admitting admiration for Frank Sinatra and for saying on the air that she wanted to go see him perform. Sinatra, said Godfrey, was not the sort of person he wanted mentioned approvingly during his shows, and anyone who disregarded this would get the sack.

JULIUS LA ROSA, who prefaces each reference to his discoverer with gratitude for the opportunity Godfrey gave him, says now that, "Whatever Mr. Godfrey did about firing me has nothing to do with the wonderful things he did to bring me to radio and TV."

But, explanations and semantic footwork aside, La Rosa engaged a personal agent and a lawyer to handle his future — the reason Godfrey gave for firing Julius — simply because he "saw it coming six months before."

La Rosa said he felt the ultimate firing was certain when Godfrey "started picking on me regularly."

Until then, Julius had received about the same percentage of knuckle-rapping as the rest of the folks on the shows.

Cynics around CBS say the bawlings-out grew in number and intensity with the rise in size and enthusiasm of La Rosa's fan mail. Whatever the reason, Julius said he rode the receiving end so often that he secretly sought out his family friend, now his lawyer and manager, Frank Barone. Both hoped the assaulting firepower would lessen, but when it became clear, they said, that friendly relations could not handle the situation, the offer of Thomas Rockwell, boss of one of the three biggest theatrical agencies, of an annual \$100,000 minimum guarantee, looked good.

When Godfrey was told by CBS vice-president James Seward, who handles contracts for Godfrey performers, that Julius had committed a grievous sin against Godfrey's First Commandment — hiring an agent, manager, or publicity representative — the end was in sight.

That Godfrey chose an actorish, extrovert method of firing the 23-year-old singer — right on the air — turned La Rosa into a sudden and sympathetic sensation instead of just another nice young singer among dozens of TV's hundreds such. CBS and the newspapers were flooded with anti-Arthur mail. What at first was a trivial backstage personnel problem now became a popular item of coast-to-coast gossip. It

loosed everyone's tongue and imagination. It also loosed Godfrey's ire at the Godfrey Gang. He insisted that no one on his shows had any "real" talent except Marion Marlowe. He previously had exercised his ire against Miss Marlowe in various fashion, even pointedly excluding her from a little gathering for coffee after a swim on a chilly day, a minor indignity but one Miss Marlowe felt deeply.

He hit the roof when he read in gossip columns that Miss Marlowe was dating George Jessel; another "Sinatra" style attitude.

The intensity of what the Gang calls "prayer meetings" was illustrated during the La Rosa fracas when the McGuire Sisters — "Julius wants to marry Dorothy McGuire, and vice versa" — grew so jittery that they literally closed and locked a CBS door, and prayed for protection against a feared angry onslaught.

Some stories now circulating totter over into the lunatic category, and must be dismissed as pointedly the work of enemies. But we were advised to see certain office workers once connected with Godfrey interests who plainly knew more than they would mention. They remained curiously tight-lipped, refusing to say anything for or against their former boss; meaning that some of the fright hadn't yet left them. Had they said anything complimentary, the silence would not have settled so menacingly.

SPEAKING *of* ANIMALS . . .

By Alan Devoe

THE CLAMPING down of the Iron Curtain has been an awful thing on many solemn and momentous counts. Also, for me personally, it has involved a small, preposterous and poignant sorrow. My mail does not bring me, any more, the "snake story."

I used to get it from places like Pinsk, Omsk, and Nether, Czechoslovakia. My correspondent was almost always at least a former Major-General in His Serene Highness's Imperial Hussars, or a nephew of His Apostolic Holiness of Odessa, or something like that. The story was always an eyewitness account, quite often with a supporting affidavit from an unimpeachable authority. It went like this:

A cleaning woman in our ancestral castle (so His Hereditary Magnificence would tell me) one day moved a heavy piece of furniture in an out-kitchen. Behold, there was disclosed a family of baby snakes. As our faithful Tanya emitted an outcry of sur-prise, the mother snake came hurrying from outdoors, where she had been gathering food for her little ones. Aha, thought the snake, this wicked woman will kill my babes! I will revenge! Stealthy, thinking unobserved, mother snake glides to milk-crock on hearth, and in twin-

klings is spitting-in her terrible poison! But sharp-eyed Tanya sees and hurries to tell me. Rushing to out-kitchen, I pick up baby snakes, very gentle, and put them outside in grass. I show mother snake is only kindness meant. She watches in amaze as if thunder-stroke. Terrible remorse comes in her heart. Quick like a snake, she darts to hearth and overturns milk-crock, so her benefactors will not be drink poison! Is not this wonderful thing, showing how wise is mother-love even in serpent, and how strange and marvelous is nature, nyet?

Well. I used to get this story about once a week. I miss it. It used to give the work of being a naturalist a dreamy glow of extraordinary charm. I should be nearly inconsolable without it, if there were not fortunately a great many countries still outside the Iron Curtain, and spirited animal lovers in them to report to me the doings of their furred and feathered friends.

For instance, the matter of those North African gazelles. This account generally comes to me from a missionary's wife at a lonely desert outpost. She has always been a keen student of wildlife, she tells me; and of course a missionary's wife in a place like Mukh-al-Fabeeb has a lot of time for looking at it. Well,

these big, graceful gazelles had suffered only moderately from hunters until the invention of the jeep. Then, with servicemen careening around over the sand dunes, the slaughter of gazelles became heavy. Being sand-colored, the gazelles would be hard to see and shoot at, if it were not for their white rumps, which make perfect targets. It was a hunters' field day, while it lasted. But now it is over. The gazelles prance over the dunes continually alert for the sound of a jeep motor, which they have learned to distinguish from any other. The instant they hear one, they sit down.

THOUGH East Germany, under Communist domination, has fallen into silence, West Germany happily has not. It is a reassurance to know that the storks are still displaying their old morality, stern but just. It is difficult to see how anyone receiving the sober German-script letter in which Pastor Umlaut tells his personal experience with the storks on the rectory chimney could fail to realize that here is natural history at its most *erstaunlich*:

The stork nest had for many years been occupied by successive families of the great birds, and the massive structure of twigs atop *das Pfarrhaus* was a familiar and well-loved sight, as well as an omen of good luck. Well, last year Mama Stork had laid her customary four eggs and was preparing to brood them. Just about that time a grate-

ful parishioner chanced to give the pastor a fine goose egg. Being, like all Germans, a scientist at heart, it occurred to him that here was a chance for a valuable scientific experiment. Would a stork hatch a goose egg? While Mama Stork is absent from the nest, the pastor climbs quickly a *leiter* to the rooftop, removes a stork egg, and puts the goose egg in its place.

Mama Stork never notices the difference, and after a while comes the day of the hatching. *Wunderbar!* Here in the nest are three little storklets, and one gosling.

Pastor and villagers are chatting together on the village green about the experiment, when Papa Stork comes winging in for a first look at his offspring. They see him settle happily on the nest rim, peek in — and suddenly perform a convulsive double-take. He emits an ear-splitting *whawhp!*, and flaps off to a big tree where the storks of the village are wont to gather when not doing anything else.

Beak to beak, the birds join in excited, incredulous conversation. They are observed to look again and again toward the nest on the rectory chimney where Mama Stork, in simple-hearted domesticity, has resumed brooding her *jünglings*. After all, this is a respectable village, and evidence is evidence. It is obvious what *she* has been up to. With a mighty beating of massed wings, the stork flock takes to the air, flies to the rectory roof, and clobbers the

hapless, bewildered bird to death.

It goes to show, as the pastor concludes, that one should not thoughtlessly be too scientific. I don't see how it could be put better.

I must not give the impression that my files on noteworthy animal behavior are enriched by contributions of this caliber only from Europe, Asia or Africa. The U.S.A. is the native land of the hoop snake. Grandpa, in frontier days, often testified how even big trees swelled up and died when a hoop snake stung them. And it would be surprising if his grandsons today were not able to observe some impressively unusual occurrences outdoors.

WHEN BEARS break into a cabin, why do they so often go for the molasses? A naturalist without the benefit of sharp-eyed scouts dotted through the woods to report to him might suppose that the bears do that just because they like molasses. It turns out to be nothing so simple. With cheering dependability, letters from Chippewa Pete, up in Wolverine Junction, Maine, or Snowshoe Charlie out in Last Elk, Idaho, furnish me with meticulous firsthand accounts.

As Chippewa (or Snowshoe) tells it, he got to his cabin one day just after the visit of a bear. The bear had busted open the molasses, and there was a regular sludge of molassified bear-tracks on the floor. Seizing his gun, the woodsman sets out to trail the marauder. After pushing

through the dense timber for a while he comes to the bank of a rushing, crystal-clear stream. Halting abruptly, he stands transfixed. There, on the opposite bank, sits the bear, holding a molassesey forepaw out over the water and lost in a trance of concentration. The sticky molasses has attracted, of course, a lot of flies. As these buzz around the gooey paw, trout come leaping up to catch them. *Swish-SWOP* goes Bruin's cunning paw, and a fine fat trout is conveyed to his hungry mouth. Again the molasses-baited paw is alluringly dangled over the water. Chippewa Pete watches until he can stand the wonder of the scene no longer; then he hot-moccasins back to his cabin to write to me.

In the Armed Forces, there seems to be something about foreign travel that sharpens this gift for wildlife observing. It is from Korea, currently, that I hear about Cedric. Sometimes the fellows in the outfit prefer to call him Percy or Clarence. But there is agreement that he is the largest cockroach that anyone — even the Colonel — has ever had occasion to live with, and the one with the cutest personality. He has a way of wagging his whiskers, or suddenly peering up over the rim of a foot-locker, that endears him to everybody and causes him to be regarded as virtually a mascot.

Well, one day it becomes apparent that the barracks are really getting much too overrun by cockroaches.

Army exterminators move in. Not until they have been at their deadly work for some time does somebody remember that poor Cedric has been left in quarters along with all the common garden-variety cockroaches. Everybody feels awful about this. When the barracks are aired out, the men file sadly in and start looking for the corpse of their old friend. Suddenly there is a shout of joy. Cedric has been found, alive and well, up among the gear on a storage shelf. Whiskers jauntily a-waggle, he comes forth to greet his comrades. Ingenious old Cedric has spent the fumigation period inside a gas mask.

IF AMERICAN observers' reports are perhaps not the ones that cast, for me, the very loveliest light of eerie beauty upon the subject of animal behavior, it cannot be because of any want of the unusual in the narratives. It can only be, I guess, because America is a country of democratic cast. So it does not have people named Major the Right Honourable Sir Hubert Ffitch-Fothering, O.B.E., F.R.Z.S., who can write letters in a finely formed Etonian hand from places like Bubulistan Pass, Northern Nepal. Things like that, it may be, are essential for bringing out full flavor. Anyhow, it is the Ffitch-Fotherings of the world who send me the story about the tiger. The minute I see an envelope bearing postage calculated in rupees and annas, my spirits be-

gin to rise. If the sender's name has a hyphen in it, good. Two hyphens, better. If the envelope, on being raised to the nose, should prove to have a faint lingering aroma of *chota-peg* . . . well, I can be just about certain. I am hearing from the Major. He has many names and far-flung addresses, but to me he is always, with simple reverence, just the Major. Here is his story. Should anyone doubt it (he is always quick to say), one need but write, for character reference, to his old schoolmaster, Canon Dimly, of The Larches, Furzebury-in-the-Weald, Hants. Warrantly enough? Obviously. Let us carry on, then.

On a hunting party in Bengal in '09 (writes the Major) I had advanced across a clearing and plunged into a dense growth of underbrush and bamboo. I had gone but a few paces when suddenly, without warning, a gigantic tiger sprang with frightful snarls straight at my face. In the fraction of a second, I had the presence of mind to fling myself flat on my face. The huge cat overshoot me, and its momentum carried it, indeed, out of sight along the rough trail I had broken. For some seconds I lay motionless. Then, hearing no sound, I rose and, with rifle at the ready, retraced my steps. At the edge of the clearing I paused in amazement, spellbound. There was the tiger. With a look of intense disgust and irritation on his face, he was bounding about the clearing — practicing low jumps.



THE BATTLING *Belles*

By JOHN HUNT and BILL McILWAIN

CHILL autumn winds rippled through the mountains of southwest Virginia, and in a clapboard farmhouse, two girls in their late teens engaged in earnest debate.

The year was 1862.

"But do you think we can get away with it?" the younger girl asked doubtfully. "All those men and . . ."

"Unk's gone over to the Yankees, damn him," the other declared, "and we should try to make up for him."

Thus began the fabulous, but little-known, Civil War saga of the fighting Bell girls, Mollie and Mary.

Cousins, they had grown up together on the mountainside farm. But, when the opportunist uncle who had reared them skipped to greener Yankee pastures, Mollie Bell was infuriated. Hot-blooded and Rebel to the bone, she persuaded Mary to join her in a fantastic scheme to enter the Confederate Army.

Definitely not lacking the pleas-

ing but obvious characteristics of their sex, the girls planned carefully to effect a disguise. Thick woolen workshirts hid the curves of young womanhood, and they cropped their hair to conform to the male styles of the day. And when brought from way down *here*, their voices were not a whit higher than those of many fuzzy-faced lads who left their Dixie homes to fight for the Great Cause.

At last they were ready to face the recruiters. Mollie, a fierce, dark-haired little warrior — always the leader of the two — signed up as Bob Morgan; and Mary, younger and more reserved, as Tom Parker. Farm backgrounds stood them in good stead. Their riding ability quickly won them the saddles and sabres of cavalrymen.

Their baptism of fire came quickly. Less than a month later, a Federal force overran the troop and took every living member prisoner.

Brief indeed had been the fighting careers of Mollie and Mary Bell, it

seemed at the moment. But they weren't meant to sit out the war in a Union prison. For within a few hours, Confederate General John Hunt Morgan thundered in to liberate them.

Perhaps because of this hairbreadth brush with failure, the Bells soon shifted to the infantry. Fighting now under General Jubal A. Early, they faced — and fired — minnie balls in some of the classic battles of the war. They were in the bitter, bloody fighting around Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded. They took part in the push into Pennsylvania and the smashing Southern defeat at Gettysburg; and they were at Spotsylvania Court House, where Early's men (and two women) licked General Burnside.

THEY proved their soldier careers were not girlish whims. Mollie was on picket duty one night when explosions rent the darkness and the cry arose, "They're charging!" Coolly she stood her ground and was credited with killing three men, a remarkable record in the day of the muzzle-loader. Singled out for heroism, she was promoted to the rank of sergeant, while Mary became a corporal. Their mates rated the girls "gallant, first-class fighting men."

Their sex posed nearly as great a problem as the enemy, however. Of necessity, they revealed the secret to one person, a young captain who

could provide protection against physical checkups and other Army routine that would have exploded their soldier-boy lives.

But then in action one day, Mollie was struck in the arm by a shell fragment. Other soldiers gathered around. At last Mary reached the scene.

"We'll have to find a doctor," Mary said, bending over her cousin. They exchanged glances. Both were aware what medical examination and treatment would mean.

"No sawbones for me," Mollie retorted, rising to her feet. "Why, it's just a scratch." She won her point — and emerged, in the eyes of the others, as an even tougher, hell-for-leather soldier.

Now Early's forces were moving into the spectacular Shenandoah Valley campaign — a high point of the war for both sides, and for the Bells. Union General David Hunter was driving on Lynchburg when Early attacked and swept him out of Virginia. Flushed with success, the Confederate commander and his 8,000 soldiers pushed north and crossed the Potomac River to threaten Washington from the west.

Two corps were rushed in to reinforce the Capital, and Early dropped back into Virginia soon afterward. But alarm in the North brought pressure on General Grant to deal with Early in a hurry. For that task, he picked stocky, gruff General Sheridan, ex-Indian fighter who had already distinguished him-

self with a daring charge up Missionary Ridge in Tennessee.

Twice, at Winchester and at Fisher's Hill, Sheridan's speed and superior numbers struck staggering blows at Early. Still game, the Southern forces, with the Bells in their midst, wheeled and lashed back at Cedar Creek.

This battle, on Oct. 19, 1864, came almost two years after Mollie and Mary had entered the war.

Perhaps, in the strange fates of battle, it went sour because another woman faced them on the battlefield that day. One of the greatest camp-followers, Bridget Divers — known widely as Irish Biddy — rode with the First Michigan Cavalry, just as she had since early in the war.

Raging fiercely, the battle seemed at first a terrific Southern victory. At one point, Irish Biddy, nurse-messenger-handyman, herself was almost captured. But then Sheridan, the master-cavalryman, turned the tide and the Bells' captain-protector was taken prisoner. Hastily the girls conferred.

"Do you think we can *trust* him?" Mary asked, glancing at the lieutenant who had assumed command of the company.

"We'll have to have his help," Mollie replied. "We've got to take the chance."

It was a bad decision.

Itching for an official pat on the head, the lieutenant rushed the startling news straight to General Early.

THE WORD that women were in the Army swept consternation through the battle-toughened Confederate command. Questions arose. Could they be allowed to continue fighting? Had they committed an offense? Nothing in the rules of war quite seemed to cover the situation.

The Bells pleaded with Early for the chance to stay and fight, but he turned them down. While the top brass fussed and fumed, the girls were sent off to Richmond and Castle Thunder, the notorious Confederate military prison.

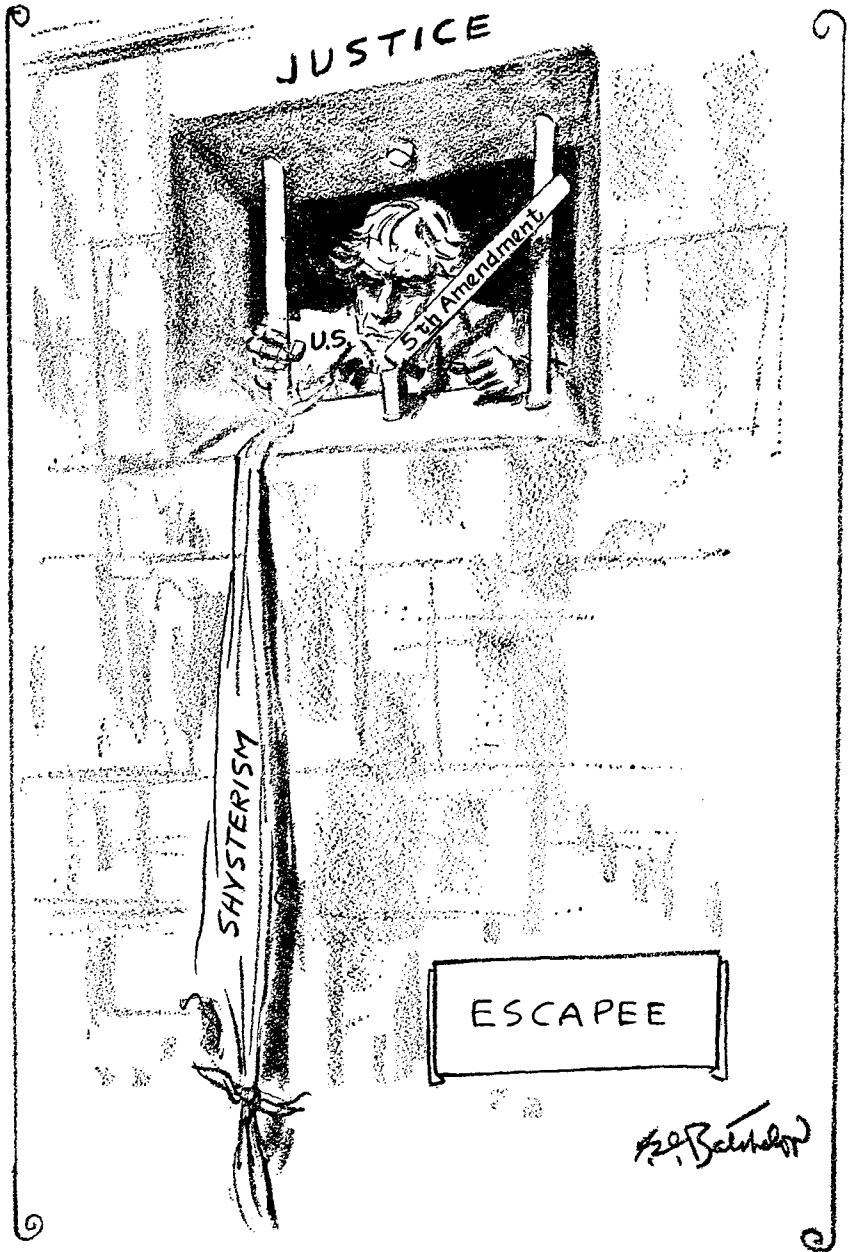
Mollie fired a parting barrage, however. In his Army, she vowed to Early, were six other women masquerading as men. She refused to name them, however, and Early was left to wonder and worry.

Was it true, or simply a disquieting try for vengeance by the Bells? This question was never answered.

The women warriors should have found consolation in the declaration of writer-statesman Edmund Ruffin, himself an old war dog. The girls had proved themselves fine soldiers, he said, and should be allowed to stay in service. But a controversy stormed. The other camp cried that even the best women warriors posed a threat to the morality of the men.

Shortly afterward, the Bells were released from Castle Thunder and told that their war was over.

Side by side, Sergeant Mollie Bell and Corporal Mary Bell, veteran infantrymen, rode silently back to their native mountains.



World Communist Apparatus For Scientists

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

FOLLOWING World War II, the Communists set up a world-wide apparatus for scientists. Some of the national units of this organization had been in existence for a number of years; but they were not brought together in an international federation until July, 1946. The name chosen for this new "Communist International" was the World Federation of Scientific Workers, hereinafter referred to as the WFSw.

The Communists have long been aware that some scientists are as naïve politically as they are skilled scientifically. This is not to say that all scientists who adhere to the Communist apparatus do so because of political naïveté; some are convinced and understanding Marxists.

The perpetrators of the "Pilt-down Man" hoax were amazingly successful for two generations in making scientific suckers out of a lot of scientists; but they were not half as successful as the perpetrators of the "Socialist Man" hoax in

making political suckers out of other scientists, including some of the most eminent in the world.

The designation, "Socialist Man," is taken without permission right out of William Z. Foster's book, *The Twilight of World Capitalism*. Foster, as most informed anti-Communists in America know, is the nominal boss of the Communist Party in the United States. For years, he has escaped trial under the Smith Act because of a reputed bad heart. In his book, Foster has included a chapter entitled "The Advent of Socialist Man," in which he says: "More than any other country, the U.S.S.R. is the land of song, music and laughter." Even among "the newly freed people of China, there is a new-found happiness," writes the American Communist leader who confidently predicts the coming of a Communist America, peopled presumably by "Socialist Man."

More scientists, near-scientists,

and pseudo-scientists than one cares to think have fallen for this hoax of the "Socialist Man," and have affiliated with the eight-year-old, world-wide Communist apparatus for scientists, the WFS^cW.

In establishing the basic facts concerning this Moscow-controlled organization for scientists, it will be necessary to name many foreigners and foreign places. The terrain will be unfamiliar; but eventually the trail will lead to the U.S.A. and to ugly facts which are too close to home for comfort. The trail could, of course, be followed in either direction.

IN RECRUITING scientists around the world, the international Communist conspirators have a two-fold objective: propaganda and espionage. The propaganda value of a distinguished scientist's name is obvious. It is based upon the popular fallacy that a man whose mind moves knowingly amidst the mysteries of the quantum theory and the laws of thermodynamics must know all about everything, when, in fact, he may not know how to milk a cow, bake a pie, parse a sentence, or pick his politics. The espionage value of a scientist's knowledge is all too well illustrated by Allan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, and Julius Rosenberg.

The presence of twenty-four thousand scientists in a world-wide Communist apparatus is something to ponder. That is the claimed mem-

bership of the WFS^cW; it is not a figure pulled out of a hat.

In one of his reports, Mr. J. G. Crowther, secretary-general of the WFS^cW, wrote: "The World Federation now contains eighteen affiliated organizations in fifteen countries drawn from all five continents. The total membership of individual scientific workers is more than twenty-four thousand."

Professor Frederic Joliot-Curie, of France, is president of the WFS^cW. Joliot-Curie, who bears one of the most honored names in the history of science and who is an eminent scientist in his own right, *is a member of the central executive committee of the Communist Party of France.*

According to UNESCO's current *Directory of International Scientific Organizations*, the American member of the executive council of this world Communist apparatus is Professor Kirtley F. Mather, of Harvard University. Mather denies that he is a Communist; but the number of his Communist-front affiliations is one of the longest on record in the United States.

The first international gathering of the WFS^cW was a memorial meeting to pay tribute to the late Paul Langevin, noted French physicist, held in London, May 23-25, 1947.

Some of the speakers at this London memorial meeting lauded Langevin *as much for his dedication to Communism* as for his brilliant achievements in science. Langevin

was the great pioneer in the development of methods for detecting the presence of submarines and other underwater objects during World War I.

At the London memorial meeting, M. Pierre Biquard, of the French Commissariat of Atomic Energy, himself a Communist, declared of Langevin that, "Coming back to France after the liberation, he took, in the ranks of the French Communist Party, the place set free by the death of Jacques Salomon [Langevin's son-in-law who was executed by the Nazis because he was a Communist]."

Other Communists on hand to laud the memory of Langevin were Joliot-Curie, president of the WFScW, and J. D. Bernal, vice-president of the WFScW. It is noteworthy that the first international gathering of the WFScW was called to honor the name of a late member of the Communist Party of France.

A SIMILAR international gathering of the WFScW was held in Paris to honor the memory of the late Lord Ernest Rutherford, one of the world's truly great pioneers in nuclear physics, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of his death, November 7, 1947. Lord Rutherford's name is inseparably associated with the famous Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge University.

Again, the Communist scientists, F. Joliot-Curie and J. D. Bernal,

were on hand to eulogize the memory of Lord Rutherford. Tsien-san Tsiang, who was subsequently barred from entering England in March, 1952, was recorded as present, representing the Chinese Association of Scientific Workers, an affiliate of the WFScW.

Among the American scientists who spoke at the Rutherford memorial meeting were Professor Harold C. Urey, of the University of Chicago, and Professor R. E. Marshak, of the University of Rochester.

Marshak, president of the Federation of American Scientists, not having known the late Lord Rutherford personally, utilized the occasion to urge all the delegates to buy copies of the book, *To Secure These Rights*, because in it, he said, "nothing is held back about the attacks on civil rights, the injustices and the undesirable features of American life . . ." The book, *To Secure These Rights*, was the report of Truman's Committee on Civil Rights over which the American Communists were much elated in 1947.

Marshak, incidentally, was a member of the Committee of One Thousand, a Communist front which called for the abolition of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. In 1949, when three Communist professors were dismissed from the faculty of the University of Washington, Marshak signed a statement declaring, "The University's action, if it is not swiftly reversed, will set a precedent

for the dismissal of *any* instructor for *any* personal beliefs and associations." (Italics in original) This statement in defense of a university's employment of Communist professors was signed by Marshak under the auspices of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, the Communist-front organization which convened the notorious Waldorf-Astoria conference in March, 1949, about which organization and conference more will be said later.

Professor Marshak is a nuclear physicist who worked at Los Alamos for the Manhattan Engineering District (A-Bomb project). According to the current *Who's Who in America* (1952-1953), he has been attached to the Oak Ridge National Laboratory since 1949.

FOUNDED in July, 1946, the first General Assembly of the WFScW was held in Prague, September 21-25, 1948, as guests of the Czechoslovak Association of Scientific Workers.

Czechoslovakia was already behind the Iron Curtain when these scientists convened in Prague. On February 25, 1948, President Eduard Beneš had yielded to an ultimatum to install a Communist cabinet; and thus, without the firing of a single bullet or the casting of a single ballot, Czechoslovakia had joined the Soviet bloc of Eastern Europe. The relationship of host and guest between the Czechoslovak Communist regime and the scien-

tists' Communist apparatus was a thoroughly congenial one.

At this first General Assembly of the WFScW, a highly significant resolution was adopted. The secretary-general, Mr. J. G. Crowther, reported it as follows: "A special resolution was passed welcoming the formation of the Permanent International Committee for Peace by the Wroclaw Cultural Congress, and wishing it all success in its struggle for a peaceful world." (The Wroclaw Cultural Congress marked the formal launching of the Communists' fake "peace offensive" throughout the world.)

The correct name of the Wroclaw Cultural Congress was the World Congress of Intellectuals in Defense of Peace. It was convened in the town of Wroclaw, Poland, August 25-28, 1948. Reporting the proceedings of the Congress, the Communist *Daily Worker* in New York said: "The main positive emphasis has been on rallying men of culture against the threat of war from American rulers." It is not surprising that the WFScW, a Moscow-controlled apparatus, passed a special resolution one month later endorsing the Wroclaw Congress, another Moscow-controlled apparatus.

The Wroclaw Congress invited Paul Robeson and Howard Fast to membership on its permanent committee. It also named Joliot-Curie and J. G. Crowther, president and secretary-general respectively of the WFScW, to membership.

Hewlett Johnson, the Red Dean of Canterbury, attended the Wrocław affair. J. B. S. Haldane, the famous British scientist and Communist, was there, joining lustily in the endless tirades against the "American rulers." Also present in the little-known town of Wrocław was J. D. Bernal, British Communist, scientist, and vice-president of the WFScW.

National affiliates of the WFScW, represented at the first General Assembly of the organization in Prague, included the following units from Soviet satellites: Bulgarian Association of Scientific Workers, Chinese Association of Scientific Workers, and Czechoslovak Association of Scientific Workers.

THE WFScW had better luck in obtaining a site for its General Assembly *behind* the Iron Curtain than it had in obtaining such sites in non-Communist Europe in later years. In April, 1951, the French government, notorious for its softness toward Communists, refused entry visas to foreign scientists who planned to attend a meeting of the WFScW General Assembly in Paris.

In March, 1952, the British government, which has not been harsh in its treatment of Communists, refused entry visas to a group of foreign scientists who were planning to attend a meeting of the WFScW General Assembly in Cambridge, March 22-23. Among those refused visas were Vassily Nikitin and Ivan

Lebedev, of the Soviet Union; Tsien-san Tsiang and Chi-tsin Jen, of China; Zygmunt Kuligowski, of Poland; and I. Malek, of Czechoslovakia.

When the British and French governments take such action against a group, it may be taken as a certainty that grave security risks are involved, so far as these governments are concerned. They have not been deeply or consistently security conscious; and they have no Joe McCarthys to prod them into action against the world Communist conspiracy.

Further relevant facts concerning Frederic Joliot-Curie and J. D. Bernal will throw additional light upon the Communist character of the WFScW apparatus.

In April, 1949, the international Communist apparatus known as the first World Peace Congress was organized in Paris, with Frederic Joliot-Curie and J. D. Bernal as president and vice-president respectively. Early in 1950, there was a meeting of the organization in Stockholm, at which the famous (Stockholm) World Peace Appeal was adopted. At Stockholm, Joliot-Curie announced that "groups of scientific workers, nuclear physicists in the United States, in France, in Great Britain and in other countries have already stated that they refuse to take any part in research to apply atomic energy for war purposes." This statement was broadcast to the world by the Moscow radio.

On February 26, 1950, Joliot-Curie announced that an agreement had been reached between the WFScW and the World Federation of Trade Unions "providing for the establishment of permanent cooperation." The WFTU is an apparatus of the world Communist conspiracy.

It is clear, beyond any dispute, that the many units of the world Communist movement are completely and closely interlocked and integrated — for scientists, trade unions, "peace," women, and youth. This interlocking is to be found on both the international and the national levels. For completeness and singleness of purpose, it is a type of conspiratorial organization hitherto unknown in world history.

WITH respect to Mr. J. D. Bernal, it will be recalled that the U. S. State Department cancelled an entry visa which he had obtained for the purpose of attending the Waldorf-Astoria Communist gathering, known as "The Scientific and Cultural Conference for World Peace," held under the auspices of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. Bernal alleged that his American visa was cancelled because he had attended the Wroclaw Congress the previous August. The fact is that Bernal's deep involvement in the activities of the world Communist conspiracy was the ground for his exclusion from the United States.

In 1947, Bernal had visited the

United States, making speeches before the local branches of the American Association of Scientific Workers, hereinafter referred to as the AAScW. *The AAScW is an affiliate of the WFScW, and, therefore, an integral part of the world Communist espionage and propaganda apparatus for scientists.* On April 30, 1947, Professor Bernal addressed the New York branch of the AAScW, together with Cornell's Professor Philip Morrison and Lewis A. Berne. Morrison now admits that he was at one time a member of the Communist Party; and his pro-Communist and Communist-front activities have continued down to the present time. Lewis A. Berne was the Communist head of the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, which became a division of the United Office and Professional Workers of America, CIO. (The UOPWA, also an affiliate of the WFScW, was expelled from the CIO in 1950 on the ground that it was Communist-controlled.) This April 30th meeting of the New York branch of the AAScW registered a protest against the Twentieth Century-Fox production of the motion picture, "The Iron Curtain," which told the Gouzenko story of the Canadian spy ring. With more than good reason, this protest against "The Iron Curtain" was placed on the record: the Canadian spy ring was nested in the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers, an affiliate of the WFScW and a fellow

affiliate of the AAScW. (Events, persons, and organizations of the Communist apparatus are interwoven to make an amazingly consistent pattern.)

Not long after the U.S. State Department refused to allow J. D. Bernal to enter the United States in March, 1949, this famous British scientist, who was president of the British Association of Scientific Workers as well as vice-president of the WFSaW, took a trip to Moscow — no entry visa troubles for him there! On August 27, 1949, Bernal delivered a speech at the Peace (?) Congress in Moscow. In the course of his remarks to the assembled Communists, he said: "For now in capitalist countries the direction of science is in the hands of those who hate peace, whose only aim is to destroy and torture people so that their own profits may be assured for some years longer. They show this by their choice of weapons, not those of combat against equally armed opponents, but weapons of mass destruction, of destroying houses and fields, for poisoning women and children." Bernal's speech went straight down the Communist propaganda line. It cannot be reiterated with too strong emphasis that Bernal is the man for whom the AAScW planned a tour of its branches in the United States.

No more convincing evidence could be adduced to prove that Bernal is a Communist, no matter how good a scientist. A thin, almost

imperceptible, line often divides the Communist soap-boxer from the learned scientist, in one and the same Jekyll-Hyde individual.

BERNAL's Communist tirade evoked deafening applause in Moscow; but in Great Britain it evoked a prompt and unfavorable response from fellow scientists. On November 4th of that year, the Council of the British Association for the Advancement of Science refused to reelect Professor Bernal to its membership, giving his Moscow speech as the reason for its action.

In the United States, the action of the British scientists in excluding Professor Bernal from the council of their most distinguished body aroused the AAScW to send a formal protest to the British. The AAScW declared: "We are gravely concerned that this decision may become a precedent dangerous to scientific freedom much more generally." Rubbish and nonsense that it was, the effect and clear meaning of this statement from AAScW was to equate "scientific freedom" with the freedom to proclaim the basest Communist propaganda lies.

The officers of the AAScW, under whose authority the letter defending Bernal was forwarded to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, were Professor Theodor Rosebury and Professor Leslie C. Dunn, of Columbia University; Kirtley F. Mather, of Harvard; William F. Hewitt, Jr., of

Howard University; Robert Hodes, of Tulane University; Melba Phillips, then of Brooklyn College; and Lawrence B. Arguimbau, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. These American professors could hardly have provided more conclusive evidence that their organization, the AAScW, was a tool of Moscow's purposes.

Shortly after the vice-president of the WFScW, Mr. J. D. Bernal, had his troubles in Great Britain, the president of the WFScW, M. Frederic Joliot-Curie, encountered even more drastic action against himself in France. In April, 1950, the French government dismissed Joliot-Curie from his post as High Commissioner of Atomic Energy. His dismissal was the direct consequence of his membership in the Communist Party of France.

Once more the AAScW stuck its nose into the business of a foreign country on behalf of a foreign Communist. Messrs. Rosebury, Dunn, Mather, Hewitt, Hodes, and Arguimbau, and Miss Phillips — the national officers of the AAScW — sent a telegram to Premier Georges Bidault, which began as follows: "We the undersigned, officers of the American Association of Scientific Workers, view with profound regret the dismissal of Dr. Frederic Joliot-Curie from his post as High Commissioner of Atomic Energy in your country." It is not of public record what, if anything, the French government replied to these American

college and university professors; but it is easy to guess what that government thought.

It is now in order to examine more closely the American affiliate of the WFScW, having established beyond any doubt that this worldwide apparatus for scientists is Moscow-controlled.

For approximately five years, the national secretary of the AAScW was Professor Harry Grundfest, now of Columbia University and formerly of the Rockefeller Foundation. On November 25, 1953, Grundfest appeared as a surly and reluctant witness before Joe McCarthy's Senate committee. Grundfest invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination when asked, "At that time, when you were with the Army Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, were you a member of the Communist Party?" In answer to twelve other questions, Grundfest also invoked the Fifth Amendment.

On February 16, 1952, the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship held a one-day conference at the Brevoort Hotel in New York City. Three of the four leaders of the conference, as announced in the *Daily Worker*, were Harry Grundfest, Victor Perlo, and Jessica Smith. According to the testimony of Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers, Victor Perlo was a leader in the Communist cell in the Treasury Department. Jessica Smith, longtime editor of Communist publica-

tions, was the wife of the late Harold Ware, who organized the notorious "Harold Ware Communist Cell" in the Federal Government early in 1934. When asked by the McCarthy committee about his participation with Victor Perlo and Jessica Smith in this conference at the Brevoort Hotel, Harry Grundfest invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination.

Grundfest also invoked the Fifth Amendment when asked, "Were you a member of the Communist Party with Professor Mather?" Grundfest had given Professor Kirtley F. Mather as a reference when he obtained employment at Fort Monmouth.

In the summer of 1952, the U.S. State Department refused to give Harry Grundfest a passport on the ground that his travel abroad would not be "in the best interest of the United States."

For years, Professor Melba Phillips, of Brooklyn College, was treasurer of the AAScW and later national secretary of the organization. On October 13, 1952, Melba Phillips appeared as a witness before the McCarran Committee of the United States Senate. She invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination on the question of her Communist Party membership and also on the question of her connection with the AAScW.

On March 27, 1953, Professor Helen Wendler Markham, of Harvard University, appeared as a wit-

ness before the Jenner Committee of the Senate. On the question of her Communist Party membership, Professor Markham invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination. The next day, when she appeared again, she invoked the Fifth Amendment when asked about her membership in the AAScW.

THERE is something very seriously and obviously wrong with an organization when its members consider it incriminating to admit membership in it; and that "something" amounts to close collaboration with the international Communist espionage and propaganda apparatus for scientists.

The AAScW has claimed a membership of 1,200 scientists in the United States.

During the fifteen years of its existence, the following have occupied the position of the president of the AAScW: Professor Anton J. Carlson, of the University of Chicago; Professor Kirtley F. Mather, of Harvard University; Professor Maurice B. Visscher, of the University of Minnesota; and Professor Theodor Rosebury, of Columbia University.

The AAScW has been extensively interlocked with the many units of the Communist and Communist-front apparatus in the United States. A few examples must suffice.

Reference has already been made to the "Scientific and Cultural Conference for World Peace," held at

the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel under the auspices of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. The following professors were connected with this Communist conference *and* also with the AAScW: A. J. Carlson, University of Chicago; Percy M. Dawson, Stanford University; Elvin A. Kabat, Columbia University; Philip Morrison, Cornell University; Linus Pauling, California Institute of Technology; John P. Peters, Yale University; Melba Phillips, Brooklyn College (dismissed from faculty); Walter Rautenstrauch, Columbia University; Theodor Rosebury, Columbia University; Harlow Shapley, Harvard University; Bernhard J. Stern, Columbia University; Colston E. Warne, Amherst College; and Gene Weltfish, Columbia University (dropped from faculty).

One of the organizations listed by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities as a unit in the fake Communist "peace" offensive was the Mid-Century Conference for Peace, held in Chicago, May 29-30, 1950. The following professors were connected with this conference and also with the AAScW: Anton J. Carlson, University of Chicago; Leslie C. Dunn, Columbia University; R. J. Havighurst, University of Chicago; Kirtley F. Mather, Harvard University; Philip Morrison, Cornell University; Linus Pauling, California Institute of Technology; Theodor Rosebury, Columbia University; Harlow Shapley,

Harvard University; and Maurice B. Visscher, University of Minnesota.

Such interlocking of the AAScW with other units of the Communist and Communist-front apparatus could be set forth almost endlessly; but one other instance will suffice. The organization with which the AAScW has been most closely interlocked is Consumers Union, which has been cited as a Communist front by the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. Three high officers of the AAScW have been members of the board of directors of Consumers Union; namely, Harry Grundfest and Theodor Rosebury, of Columbia University; and Lawrence B. Arguimbau, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

AT THE annual meeting of the AAScW in Columbus, Ohio, December 30, 1939, Professor Colston E. Warne, president of the Consumers Union, was the principal speaker.

On June 17 and 18, 1940, there was a joint annual conference of Consumers Union and the Boston-Cambridge branch of the AAScW, held at Massachusetts State College, Amherst. In his speech before the conference, Arthur Kallet, director of Consumers Union, made the highly significant statement: "As many of you know, for some time now there has been close cooperation between the American Association of Scientific Workers and Consumers

Union. Up until a short time ago, the Boston-Cambridge branch was the only branch of the Association participating in the work. I am happy to say that arrangements with other branches have been approaching completion so that during the coming year we will see a larger scale of cooperation."

For a number of years, Professor Wendell H. Furry, of Harvard University, was chairman of the Boston-Cambridge branch of the AAScW. When he appeared as a witness before the McCarthy committee last year, Professor Furry invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination on the question of his membership in the Communist Party.

The Boston-Cambridge branch of the AAScW prepared a book entitled *What To Do Aboard A Transport*. A special edition of 59,000 copies of this book was distributed to the fighting forces of the United States, under the auspices of the American Red Cross, the *Infantry Journal*, and Science Service.

Another book which resulted from a project of the AAScW was *Races of Mankind*, prepared by Professor Gene Weltfish and the late Professor Ruth Benedict, both of Columbia University, at the direction of the New York branch of the AAScW. This book followed the Communist propaganda line. The U.S. Army distributed this book to the troops until mighty protests were raised against it in Congress.

Gene Weltfish was dropped from the Columbia University faculty after she invoked the Fifth Amendment on the question of Communist Party membership before a committee of the United States Senate in the early part of 1953.

THE QUESTION is often raised concerning the matter of making charges of espionage stick against those who are accused of working with the Communist conspiracy. A somewhat popular fallacy holds that if nobody has gone to jail, nobody has been exposed or justly accused. There is no ground for applying this fallacy to the world-wide Communist apparatus for scientists, the WFScW. Some of its members have been convicted of espionage and have served prison sentences.

Professor Raymond Boyer was convicted of espionage and served his jail sentence. *Boyer was president of the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers*, an affiliate of the WFScW and a fellow affiliate of the AAScW. Professor Allan Nunn May was convicted of espionage and served his jail sentence. *May was a member of the executive committee of the Canadian Association of Scientific Workers*.

The *Report of the Royal Commission*, a devastating indictment of the Canadian Communist spies, contained the following enlightening paragraph: "Control by the Communist Party over a broad organization such as the Canadian Associa-

tion of Scientific Workers could be used in a variety of ways, not only for propaganda purposes, but eventually as a base for recruiting adherents to that Party from among scientists, and in due course no doubt for recruiting additional espionage agents in key positions in the national life."

Other members of the Canadian AAScW whose names appeared in the notebook of Canada's master spy included Ned Mazerall and David Shugar.

Much has rightly been made of the sadness of the case of the twenty-two American GI's at Panmunjom who have embraced Communism and renounced their American birthright. What words can adequately

characterize the case of the twenty-four thousand scientists of the "free world" who have embraced an apparatus of the Communist conspiracy of which the twin objectives are Communist propaganda and Communist espionage?

This story has been long and tedious; but it is unavoidably so. There is no way to understand any aspect of the Communist apparatus without doing one's homework. Its architects have deliberately made it complicated, flexible, and baffling beyond the grasp of the intellectually lazy and the politically complacent.

The nucleus of an atom is still a simple structure when put alongside the complexity of a man and his reactions.

Author's Note

As this issue of AMERICAN MERCURY goes to press, a report of the third General Assembly of the WFScW appears in *New Times*, organ of the international Communist movement. The report is written by Soviet scientist Nikitin, who, as noted above, was recently barred from entering England. This meeting of the General Assembly was held in Budapest, behind the Iron Curtain, September 12-14, 1953.

Nikitin reports that the WFScW now has a membership of 136,000. He further states that "witch hunting" in the United States prevented the attendance of delegates from the United States affiliate of the WFScW, and that the General Assembly went on record lauding the American scientists, Gene Weltfish and Melba Phillips, both of whom lost their faculty positions after invoking the Fifth Amendment on the question of their Communist Party membership.

If any additional evidence were needed, Nikitin's report establishes beyond any possible doubt that the WFScW is a world Communist apparatus for scientists.

"Local 9, American Baseball Guild"



By NINO LO BELLO



IF BASEBALL becomes unionized and the American Baseball Guild begins to take a spikehold, watch the big league manager. We can't blame him if he froths at the mouth.

Suppose on a ground ball between short and third a jurisdictional dispute arose during which the International Brotherhood of Right-handed Shortstops and the American Federation of Amalgamated Third Basemen, Local 333, called time in order to submit the matter to arbitration.

In addition to making decisions on the starting lineup, the manager would find himself sitting in on collective-bargaining sessions or submitting to official queries by fact-finding boards during batting and infield practice. Of course, our harassed manager would blow the lid off his dugout in an extra-inning contest after his men demanded time-and-a-half over the hourly rate or double-time and bonus for every night game won.

And what would happen if, say in the last half of the ninth, our manager's team had the bases loaded and he wanted to put in a pinch hitter who hadn't paid his union dues? This would call for some sort of mediation while the batter's name was being announced over the loudspeaker. What, too, would happen

if a relief hurler, alas, did not have seniority privileges over the starting pitcher?

Naturally, every time the star outfielder (president of the United Congress of Hard-Hitting Right Fielders and honorary chairman of the Keystone Sack Welfare Fund Committee) made a sensational catch to save the game, provision would necessarily have to be made for a cash guarantee to the Fund Committee; otherwise negotiations would commence for another type of settlement, lest right field be picketed when counterproposals failed.

Our desperate manager might give an order during a tight game: "Look, Jones, we need that run this inning badly; so bunt the second pitch and push the tying run in on a squeeze play."

And the reply from Jones, swinging three bats:

"Sorry, boss, but my contract doesn't call for bunts with a Scab on third. You'll have to motion on that issue with my local next time the N.L.R.B. is in session."

By this time our frustrated big league manager would be a high-priority file number with the Department of Labor. From the Secretary of Labor he would get only one consolation: that only the umpire behind the plate could call a strike.

A PLUMP GIRL TALKS BACK

By ANN M. LINGG

I'M OVERWEIGHT, they tell me. But I love good food. I like my drink before dinner. And bittersweet chocolate is irresistible to me.

I know I ought to feel miserable, to have an ugly temper, to pick up every imaginable virus. Yet I feel perfectly fine — except when trying to diet.

According to insurance statisticians, I'm practically dead. I tip the scales at 7% above normal, which puts me into the 22%-increased-mortality-rate bracket — one of 25 million Americans doomed to die younger than the remaining 133 millions who weigh a few pounds less. I'm undaunted, however. And very much alive.

But I am angry, and slightly bewildered, by the number of people who win their bread by keeping others from eating.

A nationwide conspiracy is on to keep us plumpsters on the run. We are a harassed minority. Books on how to starve gracefully clutter show windows. Grocers hand out leaflets urging us to fill our stomachs with gelatine. Food columnists preach about reducing whenever they're short of material. With the fashion people we're definitely in the

doghouse. In the medium-price range, smart dresses simply don't come in size 18; if this isn't discrimination, I'll eat my words.

I'm not arguing with the statisticians, mind you. But they make me think of the wise old doctor whose patient wanted to live to be a hundred. "I'm staying away from women and tobacco," the man asserted, "as well as from liquor, rich foods, and sweets." "Why then," asked the medic, "would you *want* to live that long?"

But nowadays, when you tell your physician that your diet leaves you craving something sweet, he's apt to raise eyebrows and give you pills to eliminate the craving.

I'm in revolt, as you may have noticed. I like my fruit *after* the dessert, not instead. I want my coffee with cream. You can't talk me into wheat germs as substitute for lobster à la Newburg. And when I was a child, we used to feed molasses to the horses, not to ourselves.

I am going to fight this battle for my bulges to the finish. I don't care whether I look younger and live longer if I have to carry a scale wherever I have a bite. I refuse to think of steak with French fried

potatoes (yes, potatoes!) in terms of calory arithmetics. I refuse to humor my "appestat" (as one authority insists we all must) — allegedly a mechanism in our brain, which controls appetite as a thermostat controls heat. I'm not loading fuel oil; I eat, and I enjoy it.

THE "eat and reduce" stunt is outright infuriating. The gourmet baiters magnanimously permit us to eat — provided we analyze our food so thoroughly we get fed up with it before we raise our forks. They call it "intelligent reducing." I call it one of the pretentious perversions of our formula-ridden age.

It's hypocritical, in addition. And inconsistent. Some actually rant about cooking as an art while denouncing eating as a bad habit. Do they take us for fools?

Cooking *is* an art. Creative art. To eat with pleasure is akin to art consciousness. Epicurean refinement has been a yardstick for cultural standards ever since antiquity. The ancient Romans were no less proud of their banquets than of their code of law. Several hundred years later, Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, famous French writer, politician and gourmet, said that "since the Lord made man eat in order to live, He bestowed upon him the blessings of appetite and enjoyment of food."

Life isn't all poundage and calories, as millions of men and women will agree. There is plenty of evidence that corpulent people aren't

necessarily lonely and short-lived flops.

Sir Winston Churchill isn't doing so badly, after all. Neither is Elsa Maxwell. Charles Laughton thrives on his bulk; and corpulent King Henry VIII, whom Laughton portrayed in his most famous movie, was notoriously successful with the ladies. Queen Victoria was quite plump; yet she lived to be 82, with 64 years of reign — the second-longest in history. Rossini, the 19th century Italian opera composer, retired at 39, and spent almost as many years inventing — and tasting — recipes. You couldn't call Napoleon lean; and Marshal Kutuzov, his victorious opponent in Russia, grew so fat he couldn't get on a horse.

Playwrights from Shakespeare ("Let me have men about me that are fat . . ." *Julius Caesar*) to William S. Gilbert ("A plump and pleasing person . . ." *HMS Pinafore*) expressed themselves in favor of some padding. And how about famous beauties of the past who made and broke men, instigated wars? They were amiably curvaceous. The Venus of Milo would hardly get into a size 16, not to speak of Rubens' paintings, whose bulging nudes must drive the diet boys to despair.

At least two comedians have managed to build their careers on excessive bulks. Take J. Scott Smart, 300-pound performer, known as The Fat Man to millions of movie and

radio fans; when his bosses don't let him have his way, he threatens to reduce. . . . His forerunner, 350-pound Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, had three wives and made \$1,000 a day, pie-tossing for the silent movies.

Among singers, who need a well-developed physique and a good reservoir of nervous energy, streamlined young prima donnas never last long; but when Wagnerian soprano Helen Traubel, who can hardly boast a pin-up girl's contours, sang in Korea not long ago, she was dubbed the most popular front-line entertainer since Bob Hope.

So, if you can't wiggle into those dramatically reduced sample dresses, don't envy those who can; how would you like it if your grapefruit tonight came unsweetened, your spinach uncreamed, your salad dressing made with saccharine and mineral oil (one of the most devilish inventions!)?

And it simply isn't true that gentlemen prefer skinny girls. If males were candid, and not intimidated by propaganda, the very opposite might turn out to be true. Men actually feel cheated by a female who, once the wraps are off, looks like a bean pole.

Of course, you shouldn't be so heavy that he can't carry you

across the threshold; but by all means make sure that he knows he is carrying *something*.

Designers of automobile bodies have openly admitted that the lines were inspired by sex; don't you find our cars looking quite shapely?

The other day, a man said that a streamlined housewife was "one who will bring home twenty different items, not one of which would bring a smile on the husband's face." But at long last he, and I, have received reinforcement from the most unexpected quarters: two dignitaries of the fashion world have bolted the skin-and-bones party. "Where are the hips? Where are the bosoms?" Elsa Schiaparelli exploded as her models passed in review. "Designers forget that women are females!"

And Harry Conover, New York model agent, is crusading for the "believable," the natural beauty, to supersede what he calls Adenoid Annies, Melba-toast prima donnas, clothes-horse skeletons, and Adam's apples mounted on pogo sticks.

I certainly don't mean to say that you should stuff yourself into obesity or ignore doctor's orders if you have a health problem. But unless that's the case, or unless the VIP in your life, for unfathomable reasons, wants you haggard — for Pete's sake, *eat!*

There is no love sincerer than the love of food.

— George Bernard Shaw
Man and Superman, Act I

Why the "Silk Screen" *Around NATO?*

By **PATRICK McMAHON**

"NATO" is internationalese for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, which was former Secretary of State Dean Acheson's crowning contribution to the free world. And whether the shortened term can be called an affectionate diminutive or an insulting expletive depends pretty much on the person who utters it. For the people who blow hot on NATO, blow very, very hot; and those who blow cold, blow very cold, indeed. There seems to be no middle view.

NATO has been hailed as the protective shield behind which the U.S. citizen can someday relax, reduce defense expenditures, and cut taxes — secure from all of the machinations of the Kremlin.

It has been denounced as the final bale of straw — and a good-sized bale, at that — which is certain to break the poor camel's back, and the camel in this little allegory, in case you have not already guessed it, is the American taxpayer.

NATO has been presented to the people of Europe as the only possible effective defense against Com-

munist aggression. And it has been criticized by many European leaders as the one thing most likely to cause such aggression. It has been praised as a miracle of international cooperation which may eventually lead to the political and military unification of free Europe and perhaps the free world. And it has been damned as a costly boondoggle, fraught with national jealousies, tending to force the free nations apart rather than draw them together.

But on one point at least, there is virtual unanimity.

NATO is the most expensive international adventure ever undertaken by the United States in time of peace.

Although the spenders got off to a slow start — partly because of production bottlenecks and partly because of disagreements over parcelling out the dough — Congress has already appropriated about \$13 billion for NATO, almost as much as was spent under the Marshall Plan. Another \$4-odd billion will be asked for the next fiscal year.

And the experts in State and the Pentagon privately estimate that we will have to toss about \$3 to \$5 billion annually into the NATO pot indefinitely in order to keep it boiling (the critics say "simmering" might be a better word).

The truly unique thing about NATO is that thus far no accounting has ever been rendered to the American taxpayer as to just how these billions are being spent, as to who is getting how much and for what.

THE Department of State has dropped a silk screen to shut off NATO expenditures from the public gaze, and thus far that silk screen of "security" has proven just as effective as the Kremlin's Iron Curtain. There are even more comprehensive figures available concerning our atomic energy expenditures than of those for super-hush-hush NATO.

The diplomats insist, when talking to Congressional committees, that to reveal the details of how NATO funds are distributed among the member countries would be giving vital military information to the enemy.

That is sheer nonsense. Even the State Department officials will not attempt to defend the "military security" excuse in private conversations. Throughout the Lend-Lease program, when the nation was actively engaged in full-scale war, the administration released periodic reports of the amounts and costs of materials that were being shipped

to each allied country and to each theater of war. They even gave a rough breakdown of the general categories of military and economic supplies that were going to each country and each area.

But in the case of NATO, the State Department insists that it cannot reveal even the dollar value of shipments to each country without endangering security, although every waterfront in Europe is under continuous observation by trained Communist espionage agents who undoubtedly catalogue every shipment and report to the Kremlin.

Curiously enough, Congress has thus far assented to the withholding of essential facts, not only from the public, but even its own members (although members of the Defense committees are given a fairly detailed breakdown under the pledge of rigid secrecy).

But Congress is getting restless. And the Department of Defense, which has to carry the NATO ball in committee hearings, is becoming more and more concerned at withholding pertinent data under the thin guise of military secrecy. As this is being written, a memorandum is being prepared by the Department of Defense advising the State Department that it sees no reason for classifying this information. And if the hearings on the Hill this winter and spring become too hot, the Defense officials intend to produce it and let the State Department carry the ball from there.

Privately, the diplomats say the reason for the secrecy is to keep each of our good allies from knowing exactly how deep the others have their arms in the U.S. till. As one official explained it, if the citizens of Country A, who are paying moderately high taxes for defense purposes, found out that Country B, whose citizens were paying very little, were getting a larger slice of NATO cash—why there would simply be hell to pay.

THERE might be another reason. If all of the facts were known to the American taxpayer, he might raise a little hell too.

The NATO public relations experts have done an excellent propaganda job extolling the merits of the organization, and have even gone so far as to stretch a fact or two to build up support and good will in Congress and among the press and public.

One of the things they have stressed is the increased efforts the hard-pressed European countries are making in their own behalf. A recent press release indicates that the defense expenditures of the eleven NATO European countries have increased from a grand total of \$5.36 billion in fiscal 1949–50, when the program started, to \$6.46 billion in fiscal 1951; \$9.547 billion in 1952; and \$11.8 billion in fiscal 1953. On the surface it appears an impressive increase, although, of course, it hardly compares with our own \$50-

odd billion annual military budgets.

But what the public relations experts left out of their release was the fact that many of the participating countries include in their increased estimates the amount of military aid they expect to receive from the United States. The British Embassy let that cat out of the bag two years ago, to the embarrassment and irritation of the State Department, when a spokesman told this writer that their new military budget—which was widely ballyhooed at the time, and represented a boost of about \$600 million over the previous year—included \$500 million of new military aid they hoped to get from the U.S.

Just how much of the increase in the above figures represents additional sacrifice by the taxpayers of the European countries, and how much is simply the adding of increased American aid, is a matter of conjecture. The figures are cloaked under the State Department's silk screen of "security."

Also not mentioned in the NATO press releases is the fact that a sizeable portion of the \$11.8 billion that the European governments are spending this year comes from counterpart funds, the local currency deposits that were built up under the Marshall Plan in return for dollar aid. So even a superficial examination of the European contribution reveals that it is certainly not quite as magnificent as presented.

ANOTHER element which is certain to stir up considerable controversy here, once it is fully understood, is the so-called off-shore procurement program, under which more than a billion dollars a year in economic aid is being pumped into the NATO countries under the guise of military assistance.

During fiscal 1953, more than \$1.596 billion in contracts was awarded by the Defense and State Departments to eleven European governments to produce munitions and equipment, mostly for their own armed forces. In a sense, that enabled the recipient governments to reduce their own expenditures by that amount, or to shift the money to social security and other domestic purposes. France, for instance, was given \$700 million to produce tanks, planes and ammunition, mostly for French forces. Britain got about \$400 million to buy planes, parts and equipment from British manufacturers, mostly for the British armed forces.

Actually, the dollars went into the coffers of the governments, to swell their growing dollar and gold balances, and the manufacturers were paid off in local currencies. Much of the equipment could have been purchased from American manufacturers now hard hit by war production cutbacks — and a good part of it at substantially lower prices.

In return for the billions of dollars the U.S. taxpayer has given to NATO, he has received one definite,

tangible benefit. We have obtained, temporarily at least, the use of a string of air bases in Europe and North Africa (most of which we built, equipped and paid for ourselves, over and above our NATO contributions) from which our bombers can take off at a moment's notice and strike directly at the very heart of the Soviet Union. That is, of course, if the bombers can penetrate the Soviet air defense, and if the bases are not first neutralized by sabotage or sudden air attack.

There are other NATO achievements, some not quite so definite and tangible, and the benefits of which are still the subject of considerable debate in the Pentagon.

As a result of NATO, the military idiom has been enriched by the addition of several score of barely pronounceable alphabetical symbols denoting the various commands, committees, working groups, councils, bureaus and officials that make up the organization. There are SHAPE and SACEUR and SACCLANT; MAS, AGARD and ATAG; CHANCOM, CINCCCHAN and SINCM AIRCHAN; EMCC, ELLA and ERFA; AFNE, AFCE, AFSE and AFM (you just gulp hard on the last one). And of course there is NATO, itself, and its NAC (North Atlantic Council).

Every vice general and admiral in the U.S. and most European forces, it is said, has grabbed three or four smart young aides whose

principal job is simply to translate the NATO symbols. And Heaven help the ambitious young major who confuses SACLANT with SACEUR, or CINCLANDCENT with SINCAIRCENT. Gad, man! A mistake like that could cost the bloody war!

ANOTHER NATO contribution has been the creation of a glorious array of fancy titles, so dear to the military heart. There are two Supreme Allied Commanders, one for Europe and one for the Atlantic (SACEUR and SACLANT, if you want to get into the swing of this thing) and two Deputy Supreme Allied Commanders. There are seven Allied Commanders-in-Chief, each with a suitable number of deputies; an Allied Flag Officer for Central Europe, who has equal rank; and, at last count, twelve Allied Commanders.

Separate from and equal in rank with the two Supreme Allied Commands is a Channel Committee, which sits in London, where it supervises the Allied Commander-in-Chief, Channel and Southern North Sea (Southern North Sea is correct) and the Allied Maritime Air Commander-in-Chief, Channel and Southern North Sea.

Ranking above the Supreme Commanders is a Standing Group, in Washington, consisting of representatives of the Chiefs of Staffs of France, Britain and the U.S. This in turn reports to a Military Repre-

sentatives Committee in Washington and to a Military Committee in Paris, which includes one of the Chiefs of Staff of each member nation. These are subordinate to the North Atlantic Council, Paris, which makes all major decisions.

Paralleling the military chain of command is an elaborate civilian secretariat, complete with a Governor-General, a Deputy Governor-General, a Secretary, four divisions, three offices and twenty-two assorted committees, bureaus and working groups, who handle the finances, logistics, transportation and political problems for the military. Also fitting in somewhere (nobody seems sure of the exact spot) is a NATO Defense College, a Military Standardization Agency, Communications Agencies, an Air Training Advisory Group, and an Advisory Group for Aeronautical Research and Development.

There is a Canada-U.S. Regional Planning Group of equal rank with the Supreme Commanders, and just to make sure that nothing has been overlooked, the NATO organizational chart contains an additional square on the "Supreme" level, which is labeled "Other Commands Which May Be Established."

And with all of those glorious titles, and all of the elaborate charts, nobody in NATO is sure who — if anyone — has the authority to send the NATO forces into action if the Reds should suddenly attack. Legally, only Congress can order

our own forces into action. In the North Atlantic Pact, each country reserves the right to decide what supporting action should be taken if another member is attacked.

MOREOVER, no matter how high-sounding his title, none of the NATO Supreme Commanders-in-Chief, or just plain Commanders, knows exactly what his scope of authority is, or what forces he will have at his disposal if war should come. Legally, the Chiefs of Staff of the member countries can assign troops, planes and ships to NATO, and recall them, at their discretion.

In fairness to General Eisenhower, who handled most of the details in setting up the NATO chain of command, with the assistance of the diplomats, the decisions of necessity had to be based on pacifying the prides, the prejudices and the ambitions of the member nations, rather than military expediency.

But the kindest thing that has been said of the result, by top U.S. military men, is "Oh, well, if war breaks out, we'll simply junk the whole damned thing and set up a sensible chain of command."

In addition to the command setup, NATO has achieved a formidable air striking power, most of it supplied by the U.S. Navy and Air Force; and 25 fairly well-trained and equipped divisions of troops. Another 25 reserve divisions exist on paper, but have failed to materialize in being. Europe is certainly stronger, militarily, than she was before NATO, but there is considerable debate among the experts as to whether the slight increase in strength justifies the tremendous outlay of money by the U.S.

For the billions being contributed directly to NATO are only a fraction of the real cost to the American taxpayer. It costs us uncounted additional billions annually to maintain our own troops, ships and planes in Europe, which comprise most of NATO's power.

All of this, of course, seems to be a somewhat critical appraisal of our greatest international peacetime effort — and it is.

No objective appraisal is possible, nor will be, until the State Department lifts its veil of secrecy and gives the public (and Congress) a peek at the facts.

» I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are the personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country?

— *Daniel Webster*

THE MYSTERY OF THE MAN-MADE DIAMONDS

By John Charr

NESTLING on a bed of balsam on a small glass slide in the British Museum in London is a group of tiny crystals. Unpolished, somewhat irregular in shape, they look for all the world like bits of broken glass.

They have been there for more than sixty years. Millions of persons have viewed them, usually with a skeptical shrug, for they bear a seemingly unbelievable label: "Hannay's Artificial Diamonds."

Many people do not even know that there are such things as artificial diamonds — true diamonds except that they were made by man instead of in the crucible of nature.

Hannay's artificial diamonds are the real McCoy. Inexplicably ignored by science for many decades, they have finally been examined with a new type of X-ray equipment. In their official report, England's renowned experts, Mr. F. A. Bannister and Mr. K. Lonsdale, state flatly: "The X-ray photographs confirm that eleven of the twelve are indeed real diamonds."

Here we begin to scent a mystery that might intrigue even Sherlock Holmes himself. It begins more than

three generations ago when the fabulous Kimberley diamond pits were discovered in South Africa.

Prior to that time, diamonds had no particular romantic significance. Other gems — such as the ruby and emerald — were milady's favorites. But with merchants, cutters and jewelers doing a landslide business in the famous Kimberley stones, it was inevitable that there would be attempts to create diamonds artificially. There was no mystery about the composition of diamonds; they consist of pure carbon that has been crystallized under tremendous heat and pressure. Carbon is a plentiful element; for example, the graphite in lead pencils is pure carbon.

For several years, chemists in Europe tried to duplicate nature's crystallization of carbon. Finally, in 1879, the British press reported with great excitement that a Scottish chemist, James McTear, of Glasgow, had succeeded.

Near panic promptly ensued in the diamond industry. In the midst of all the turmoil, McTear submitted samples of his stones to Professor Nevil Story-Maskelyne of the Brit-

ish Museum for analysis. The stones, according to Professor Story-Maskelyne, were not diamonds. They did not abrade surfaces of topaz and sapphire against which they were worked. They did not exhibit the refractive properties of diamonds. Under intense heat, they failed to burn as diamonds do.

THE diamond world breathed easier again. But the respite was brief. Less than two months after McTear's claim had been exploded, on February 20, 1880, Professor Story-Maskelyne announced that he was just as positive that a new set of man-made stones which he had just analyzed were genuine diamonds. They had been made by J. Ballantine Hannay, who, by a curious coincidence, came from the same Glasgow as the discredited McTear.

Then something very strange occurred. Perhaps the public was inclined to be skeptical as a result of the McTear fiasco. Perhaps commercial interests opposed to the manufacture of artificial diamonds successfully pooh-poohed Hannay's work. At any rate, nobody in particular seemed to care whether or not Hannay had actually made artificial diamonds, and the whole matter fizzled out. Hannay failed to secure adequate financial backing, and ultimately donated his stones to the British Museum.

It has taken more than several

years for them to be reexamined — this time by modern methods — and again pronounced genuine!

Hannay appeared to be dogged by a demon of ill luck. He had published a paper describing his method of making artificial diamonds — essentially by combining carbon with liquid metal under great pressure and then allowing the mixture to cool. A French chemist named Moissan read the paper and made artificial diamonds by an almost identical process. He gave Hannay full credit for having produced the first man-made diamonds. Yet Moissan — and not Hannay — has the official credit.

There appears to be a weird jinx on efforts to produce artificial diamonds. Yet it is probable that with present-day furnaces, fuels, and heat-resistant and tremendously strong alloys, the man-made stones could be mass-produced with ease.

If we can mass-produce artificial sapphires, why can't we do the same with artificial diamonds? Why are we content to "simulate" diamonds, using, for example, the extremely hard metal titanium? Titanium gems look so much like diamonds that only the X-ray can detect the difference — but they aren't diamonds and they aren't sold as such.

Is a shadowy, perhaps world-wide "diamond trust" deliberately preventing the manufacture of artificial diamonds? There is a great deal of evidence indicating that this is the answer.

***In the MERCURY'S Opinion* By RUSSELL MAGUIRE**

OUR country lacks moral and spiritual courage.

Our forefathers had it, and by its application built a great, honest and powerful nation.

Our Heavenly Father gave us the wisdom and the courage to meet and solve the incredibly serious problems that have faced us in the past, and the will to solve them.

He has also given us the courage to push aside the fantastically sinister and stupid mistakes of the past. We must use it.

These mistakes have led us and our leaders into a swamp of confusion and fear and of national and international decay.

In some way, our leaders must be brought to realize, as well as the rest of us, that America must return to the spiritual and moral laws of our forefathers.

In a world of formal education, of international societies, committees and organizations for the preservation of peace, and governments continuously advocating their dedication to peace, we have found ourselves engaged in two world wars — the first a conflict costing nine-and-a-half million dead and the second, fifty-four million.

What is the reason for this horrible sacrifice of human lives with its attendant misery and suffering, and the astronomical financial cost to the peoples of the world?

"Striped pants" diplomacy left the world for keeps when the atom

bomb exploded over Hiroshima.

Communications, transportation and education, among other things, have changed the thinking and knowledge of the world to a point where diplomacy must meet its changing conditions.

It has not done so.

We find ourselves engaged in a Korean war which it is admittedly impossible to win.

It is now proposed to turn over our atom secrets to an international group. It would be a physical impossibility and a political disaster. You do not hand a loaded gun to your enemy — even though you have two in hand.

Ever since the recognition of Soviet Russia, we have carried out a series of compromises. We have vacillated and written high-sounding diplomatic notes. We have permitted the Russians to start a war of their own choosing and out of it we have received 130,000 maimed and dead young Americans.

What is behind all this slaughter, intrigue, lying and disaster?

For over twenty years the party of Roosevelt and Truman failed miserably to stop it.

Is President Eisenhower to follow the same melancholy course, or shall we abandon the outmoded and juvenile "striped pants" diplomacy and lay the bare, harsh and unpleasant facts before the American people?

Let us find out where we are being led.



PETER GRACE



Young Man With a Mission



By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE



IN THE SPRING of 1832, James Grace, a young Irish gentleman farmer with wide estates near the hamlet of Ballylian, Queen (now Leix) County, took his wife and two small daughters on a vacation to the village of Riverstown. The air was perfumed with the salty fragrance of the Cove of Cork, and there on May 10th of that year, a baby boy was born — William Russell Grace. Family tradition has it that “Billy” was born with brine in his nostrils. The family returned to Ballylian, where Billy had a marvelous boyhood — a robust, outdoor life, riding and hunting with his sisters, his younger brothers John and William, and a flock of youthful cousins and the children of the farm folk employed by his father.

In the early 'forties the Banshees began wailing all over Ireland. The Grace cotton mill bowed out to English industry's new machinery, and the Grace stone quarry became useless due to similar quarries which had opened closer to Dublin. James Grace was already hard-pressed when in 1845 came Ireland's greatest blow — the failure of the potato crop. The

failure brought famine and death, and Grace struggled to survive and feed his farm workers. The potato crop failed again in 1846. Mothers and fathers with dim, patient eyes, wandered about the roads with half-naked children whose faces and bellies were bloated, limbs fleshless — children who would never grow up to be men and women. In that year, a quarter of a million men, women and children died of starvation, or diseases caused by it. Historians record that the dead were buried naked in trenches and that another 250,000 died the next year (1847) when the crop failed again. In those three years of famine, another half million fled to the United States and Canada.

It was during the 1846 famine that William Russell (Billy) Grace looked about and decided that Ireland was *not* for him. He ran away from home and shipped before the mast. He was not yet fourteen.

Just the other day, Joseph Peter Grace, Jr., a chunky, rumpled young man with a mission, sat in his New York office in Hanover Square and smiled when I suggested there

might have been no Grace Line, no W. R. Grace & Company, if it had not been for the failure of the potato crop in Ireland.

Young Peter Grace, grandson of the runaway-founder, frequently is surprised when introduced as president of the Grace Line, for Peter is president of W. R. Grace & Co., an international giant that does something like a \$250,000,000 business and earns over \$10,000,000 annually. The Grace Line is just one of the company's forty-odd subsidiaries.

The business — much of whose activities are in Central and South America — is said to be the most diversified in the world. The company has a huge and important trade in coffee, sugar, cocoa, ores and metals — just about everything that is produced in the Latin American countries. It ships anything to any foreign port. It grows coffee in Guatemala and has vast sugar plantations in Peru. From cane fibre it makes all sorts of paper and boxes, and manufactures candies and biscuits. It owns or has controlling interest in cement plants, flour mills, cotton and woolen mills, paint factories, wolfram and tin mines, paint, electric light bulb and other factories.

The company plays an important role in the economic life of Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. This is but a tiny capsule of the picture of Grace in Latin America. But the Grace activities in the United States are spreading out over

this nation. Here it has a national bank, an insurance-brokerage business, an interest in vast chemical industries — in which field it is rapidly becoming an important factor. The Grace Line is a wholly-owned subsidiary and the company has an equal interest with Pan American World Airways in Panagra. It operates fertilizer plants, mixes insecticides, sells farm machinery, and has dozens of other business interests.

So no wonder Peter Grace is slightly surprised when introduced as "president of Grace Lines."

LET'S digress. William Russell (Billy) Grace returned from the seas. Soon he emigrated from Ireland to Callao, Peru, with a visionary colony of Irish farmers of which his father, James, was one of the leaders. They made efforts at homesteading, but finally, homesickness and malaria dispersed the little band. They sailed away from Peru; some to Australia, most others home to Ireland. But the character and philosophy of Billy matured early — and he elected to remain. He found work as a clerk in the firm of Bryce & Co., ship's chandlers to the guano ships which were converging on Peru from all over the world to lift cargoes of the great natural fertilizer which the birds dropped (for thousands of years) on the Chincha Islands off the desert coast.

"My grandfather learned to love Peru," said Peter. "He made the Spanish tongue his own. His energy

and application brought him forward speedily, and by 1854 he was a full partner in the Bryce firm, which later became Bryce, Grace & Co. He introduced new techniques, new lines, new energy. The Chincha Islands lie 100 miles south of Callao, but the guano fleet, sometimes numbering as many as 100 vessels, had to put in at Callao for supplies for the long voyage around the Horn. He got ahead of his competitors by stocking an old barge with a complete line of supplies and towing it to the Chincha Islands, where he lived aboard and multiplied the sales of his firm."

THE BUSINESS prospered. Grace brought his brother Michael P. and some nephews from Ireland to help in the business, and began devoting his time to new activities and reinvesting his profits in agricultural and manufacturing properties in Peru. "He became an expert in what we call market studies," Peter said, "a pioneer in what we call diversification, a practitioner of the technique we now term integration.

"Grandfather became friends with the captains of hundreds of ships," Peter continued, "and especially Captain George Gilchrest, owner and master of the *Rochambeau* of the port of Thomaston, Maine. In the fashion of New England skippers of the time, Captain Gilchrest had his wife and family aboard his ship and my grandfather met and fell in love

with Lillius, the captain's daughter. They were married, had eleven children, of whom seven survived."

Mr. Grace was only 33 years old when doctors told him his health would no longer permit him to pursue the rugged regime of work in Callao. He had acquired countless friends and a fortune. Through his American wife and his friendships with scores of American ship's officers and traders, he had long since felt a desire to live in the United States and become an American citizen. So in 1865, leaving brother Michael in charge of the business, Grace and his family emigrated to New York. He rented space in Wall Street at the edge of Hanover Square and began a triangular trade between Peru, Europe, and the United States which set the pattern for Grace commercial development for years to come. He soon began chartering ships, and then having them built on his own account.

"In the midst of this busy life," Peter said, "my grandfather paused to heed the call to public duty. A little-appreciated fact of his career is that in 1880, at the age of 47, never having taken any active part in politics, he ran for mayor of New York and was elected. The circumstances surrounding this political side of his life are so unusual that I must take a moment to recount them.

"He had achieved high standing in the business community but was entirely unknown to the public. In 1880, two things happened which

brought him into public notice. One was the fact that in that year Ireland was again struck with a famine. He and his friend, Levi P. Morton, later a Republican Vice-President, financed a shipment of relief goods to Ireland which saved countless lives. The second event was his personal heroism in the explosion of the Long Island Sound commuting steamer *Sewanhaka*.

"When this awful accident happened in the waters of Hell Gate, the passengers panicked. My grandfather was, of course, a veteran of shipwreck, fire, and all manner of marine disasters. The captain on the bridge of the blazing vessel was cut off from the rest of the ship. My grandfather took command. He and my grandmother calmed their fellow passengers, organized them for orderly escape, and saved scores of lives. The next morning W. R. Grace was a famous public figure.

"The year 1880 was the year of the Garfield-Hancock campaign and the Democrats in New York were badly split. They wanted a ticket to be headed by a strong businessman not identified with Tammany Hall, and my grandfather was persuaded to run. He won, and according to the historians, he made an excellent mayor. He was re-elected in 1884, and then at the completion of his term, retired from active public life and returned to his business."

William Russell Grace was a leader who had trained men and backed them. After his death in

1904, the training and responsibility he had long given to his young men showed its value. There was never so much as a change of course as Michael P. Grace and the Eyre brothers took over the management, carrying on in the same dynamic tradition of the founder. The transition was equally smooth as the tiller passed from Michael Grace to Joseph Peter Grace, Sr.

"It was during my father's administration that the great shift in emphasis from international trading to intensified industrial activity in South America was accomplished," young Grace stated. "It was under Father that the modern Grace Line fleet, as we know it today, was developed. My father's administration also carried on the founder's policies of developing national executives to manage the business in their own countries and of investing in partnership with local capital and expanding enterprises. I think it can be said that this personnel technique probably introduced the idea of modern business management to these countries."

WHAT about young Peter Grace? In September, 1945, he became president of W. R. Grace & Co. at the age of 32, emulating his father's election to the post when he was 34. (His father died on July 15, 1950.) When Peter took over, the gross fixed assets were about \$62,000,000, divided roughly at \$29,000,000 in South America and

\$33,000,000 in the United States. Under Peter's administration — and his new program of expansion — the balance sheet now shows gross fixed assets of \$167,000,000 — \$110,000,000 of which are in domestic enterprises and \$57,000,000 in Latin America. When Peter took the helm, the Grace Line represented by far the heaviest proportion of the company's interest, but his diversification and expansion of the company's activities has diminished the proportion of the Grace Line to forty per cent.

It would require a lot of space to enumerate the achievements of young Peter since he took over — and the writer needs a little space to tell you about the young man himself. He was graduated from Yale in 1936, entered a training period in the company's operating departments, and traveled extensively in South America and Europe. He married Miss Margaret Fennelly on May 24, 1941. They have five children: Joseph Peter, eleven; William Russell, nine; Michael Stephen, eight; Mary, five; and Mary Janet, three. They live in Old Westbury, New York. Peter is a horseman, and was an active polo player for many years.

PETER is anything but formal, and in the offices in Hanover Square, even though he may address clerks as "mister," many call him by his first name. He is so careless about his dress that Freeman Lincoln, the

writer, once reported: "His dress and general linty appearance suggest that he has just come out of a pillow fight." With five kids, this could be true! Aside from his family and a bit of sports play now and then, all he cares about is work. When he's not traveling about the world (some 100,000 miles a year), he's at the office from ten to twelve hours a day — and often longer.

Wall Street opinion is that he will ruin his health by working so hard. Of this opinion Peter is most scornful, and asserts no man will kill himself doing what he likes best of all. In a speech he made last November before the Newcomen Society of England, honoring his grandfather, he said:

"We find [in the company] we have in common the fun of working together, the fun of tackling new problems — for even the old problems seem to have new faces these days — and that concept of fun in work is to me the most precious quality that any vocation can give a man. . . . It just may be that fun in work and accomplishment is what built our country and will keep it great."

It is true that Peter's passion for work comes close to an obsession. In the beginning, the writer stated that Peter is a young man with a mission. That mission is to see his administration achieve equal standing with that of his predecessors. Peter feels his passion for work will fulfill that mission.

KARL HESS . . .

Fifty-four Million Dead

DEATH, as it scythes through clouds of battlesmoke, has a way of becoming obscured. Average guesses, for instance, as to the total number of deaths caused by the Second World War place the figure between 10,000,000 and 20,000,000. A report issued from the Vatican after the war tentatively placed total deaths at 22,000,000. Few persons guessing would reach the mind-jarring total of 30,000,000. After all, only about 10,000,000 persons were killed during the First World War. Could the second have been so many times worse?

Actually, a new survey of losses sets the figure at 54,000,000!

It claims that *fifty-four million* human beings — soldiers, sailors, airmen, and civilians — died in the battles, bombing, and brutality of the Second World War. *Where* were 54,000,000 persons killed? *How* could 54,000,000 persons, a bit more than two per cent of the entire world's population, be violently wiped out in six years? The most recent answers are contained in a grim statistical survey issued through the German Federal Government (the Bonn, or free, German government). The com-

piler is Professor Dr. Helmut Arntz. And the compilation, besides the stunning impact of its enormous figures, teaches much about the skills and tolls of modern war. Particularly it teaches another lesson about the Soviet role in World War II.

The Soviet, briefly our "gallant ally" during the war years, popularly is supposed to have stalled the German invasion of Russia and then repelled it by some superhumanly valorous effort. Pinko producers in Hollywood huzzahed the heroism on the screen with epic pictures of Red soldiers, under Red banners, digging in for do-or-die stands that brought audiences to their feet, almost, in admiration. Songs glorified the Red Army and were sold over American store counters to American soldiers and their kin. Everywhere and in every way the Red Army was exempted from any criticism of the Soviet and raised to a seemingly hallowed position. The Germans, meantime, were portrayed as near-savages, a wave of brutality breaking against the shore of the Red Army. It was all a lie, an insult and a hoax.

The Red Army was a mere wall of flesh, valorous more to the extent

of the guns in its back than to the guns at its front. The German army, fighting a madman's logistically impossible fantasm of a war and yet superbly led in the field and with high individual fighting skill, broke the Red Army into bloody tatters.

The death toll among the Red armed forces, as quoted in the Arntz survey, from Russian sources among others, was 13,600,000. Such losses as that are not heroic. They are butchery. They are evidence again, in blood, of the Soviet regard of man as animal.

THE MANNER in which pro-Reds made so many persons come to believe that somehow there was something especially good and noble about racking up the greatest number of deaths during the war was a miracle of propaganda that still affects some otherwise sane discussions. Everything may be bad about Russia but when the Red Army is mentioned, often, a hush of respect stills any criticism. (This, of course, is not to say that even the Oriental Russians haven't awakened to the Occidental fact that there are ways to fight wars without such losses. The Red Army today almost unquestionably is a better army than the fodder fed into the Second World War. Whether its new skills are matched by enthusiasm for combat is a question that might occupy the West.)

No other country, or even group of countries, lost half as many soldiers during the war as did Russia.

And, while the Soviet was sending its Red Army out to the slaughter, 6,700,000 civilians were being killed. Some perished in air raids. Others died jammed into embattled cities, from which, apparently, it was just too much trouble to evacuate them. Besides, they too had their places in the wall of flesh.

The losses of the German armed forces from 1939 to 1945 came to 3,050,000 dead. (Returns of German prisoners previously figured into the total as missing and presumed dead may shave the figure by upwards of a hundred thousand if the Soviet prison camps are ever fully unlocked.)

Germany's civilian population, wracked by the blows of massive Allied bombing raids, took losses of 500,000 dead. At first glance that seems low for all the tons of fire and steel poured down on Hitler's imperishable Reich. It is. The Arntz statistics have more to tell about civilian losses. For instance, 1,550,000 persons are listed as citizens of "the former Reich's eastern provinces killed while being driven from their homes." Ethnic Germans killed "during forcible expulsion" add another 1,000,000 dead to the total. And many of those persons died in air raids. In one holocaust, for instance, 25,000 are said to have perished.

Perhaps the touchiest figures of the Arntz listings are those concerning the persons killed in Germany during the racial and religious purges of Hitler's National Socialist Workers' Party. The Germans who

were killed in this group are placed at 300,000. Jews make up 170,000 of the total. How does this square, however, with the statistics of persecution that have been placed before the world by various Jewish organizations? The figure, according to them, should be in the millions. Possibly it is. Records of SS groups read into the record at Nuremberg talked of assembly-line killing in excess of Arntz's figure. But these deaths by persecution are the ones always the most susceptible to diminishment, on the part of the accused, and expansion on the part of the spokesmen for the aggrieved. In between may lie the truth and, regardless, it would be horrible enough.

The final portion of German losses listed are the 200,000 ethnic Germans, not including Austrians, who died while serving in the fatherland's armed forces.

The total, then, for German deaths in World War II is 6,600,000.

FOR Americans, the most pertinent figure of the Arntz tabulation is the possibly familiar one of Americans who were killed during the Second World War. When viewed alone it seems moderate. When viewed personally it is high. One's own losses always are. Arntz's estimate of American losses is 229,000 armed forces dead. Actually, the figures are low, perhaps trying to reflect overseas battle fatalities rather than total losses. Official U. S. figures give 225,155 dead in the Army

and Air Forces, 89,346 for the Marines, Navy, and Coast Guard, and 69,377 non-battle fatalities in the military for a total that nevertheless still is, like Arntz's, far below one per cent of the population.

Fighting as she did, however, on all fronts, America's losses show a great, grim share in the tragedy of war. The old European snideness about Americans not knowing war because their homes were not bombed rasps against the fact that the total military losses of the Western allies, other than America, were 610,000 dead. In civilian losses, of course, the Western allies, other than America, took the full share of grief. They lost 690,000.

The Italian and Austrian armed forces, in six years of see-saw fighting and, for some, loyalty, lost 560,000 men. Civilian losses of these nationalities amounted to 190,000.

For the casualties of the rest of the world, mainly East Asia, Arntz makes blanket calculations: 7,600,000 armed force dead, 6,000,000 civilian dead. The missing of all nations (except the previously listed German missing) and now presumed dead are placed by Arntz at 3,000,000.

The final statistic to be gathered is the spiraling cost of war as shown by all these figures. With twice as many men mobilized in the Second World War as in the first (some 110,000,000) deaths were six times as numerous. Civilian losses were twelve times as great.

And the next time. . . ?



"Sorry, lady! I didn't have time to read the sign!"



Our Outmoded Public School System

BY DOUGLAS ANGUS

WE SHALL probably never be satisfied with our public schools, and educational research continues indefatigably on a vast and complex scale in search of methods to improve them. But as in other fields today where research is so unfortunately interconnected with the granting of Ph.D. degrees and academic standing, the unwieldy mass and the minute specialization have prevented theorists from perceiving in their full implication the basic flaws in our educational system.

The fact that these flaws are part and parcel of deeply rooted social attitudes further conceals them. One of these attitudes is our ingrained practicality, which causes us to think of education always as preparation of the young to become adults, and not as guidance also in how to get the most out of being young. Another is our indestructible puritanism that simply cannot ac-

cept the fact that the school can be a pleasant place and accomplish more than it now does as a very unpleasant place. A third attitude, the attitude of adults unwilling to accept the full responsibilities of parenthood, is that children are something of a nuisance and school is primarily a place to keep them under control and out of the way. While our puritanism motivates us to make learning difficult and dull, so that the child separates learning from pleasure, the third attitude turns the school into a jail, a massive building containing group cells called classrooms, where the child is confined to a desk for hours at a time, requiring permission even to go to the bathroom.

It requires an almost fiendish ingenuity and endless, unflagging supervision to force the child to accept this situation. This is so because the child, like all other

young creatures, is intensely active. Whether it be kittens, colts, or children, the way of life for young things is full of lively, joyful, physical activity.

It would seem then an act of obvious insanity, if not downright sadism, to place a child at a desk in a room and oblige him to sit motionless for hours at a stretch. Yet this is what we do. We start in cautiously in kindergarten, by requiring him to undergo this discipline for only two hours a day. Generally we do it pretty crudely. The kindergarten classroom often has its rows of desks that are replicas of the larger desks used in later grades. Here the child is taught to sit with folded hands, or to chant the national anthem (running the words together in a meaningless gibberish); to trace pictures (a good way to destroy pictorial imagination) or copy numbers and letters over and over.

In more progressive schools the rows of desks may not be used and more subtle ways may be used to get the frisky colt to endure the yoke about to be put upon him. But by the time they are seven or eight years old, the children of the nation are all sitting at a desk for four or five hours a day, five days a week. As a result, the child's prevailing sensation during school hours, except for rare moments when a skillful teacher distracts him briefly from the protestations of his body against his unholy confinement, is one of utter boredom and restlessness.

SOMEWHERE beneath the thinking that keeps this system alive is the idea that the child will someday have to sit before a desk or a machine and that he must therefore be disciplined to such confinement early in life. To this, one might reply that it would perhaps be just as well for humanity if it never became disciplined to accepting eight-hour shifts at desks and machines, but even if we accept such a pattern of adult living as inevitable, it is surely not necessary to begin the disciplining process twelve years in advance.

In our school systems we invert the normal process. It is customary in grade and high school to require the child to sit at his desk for five hours, with a short break for lunch; whereas in college we require only three hours of classroom attendance per day and these three hours are scattered throughout the morning and afternoon. Anyone who has attended college will recall the feeling of escape from unbearable confinement that came to him as he entered this new arrangement.

What are the results of this over-restriction? First and foremost is the detriment to health. For a nation so health-conscious, it is amazing that we cannot see the danger of robbing the child of the best part of the day for ten months of the year. For fresh air and exercise we substitute crowded confinement within overheated classrooms.

Because we have denied our children, generation after generation,

their natural right of abundance of free physical play, we are now a nation generally of mass audiences satisfying our pathological hunger for action vicariously.

MORE immediately paradoxical is the way we defeat the main purpose of the whole educational program. The teacher strives manfully to make the student understand and desire knowledge and culture, but the outcome of all the labor and expense is that the average pupil merely associates these things with physical discomfort and boredom. In later years he will remember them with actual distaste and avoid a serious book as if it were poison. So with all our wealth and opportunity, we produce a citizenry amazingly uncultured and immature.

Our other main misconception about the school, our idea that it is a place containing little potential adults who are being trained to enter the grown-up world, has produced the crazy curriculum now prevailing. The evolution from very early childhood to maturity is characterized by a gradual movement from a world of play and make-believe to conscious learning of the techniques and information necessary to adult living. It is accompanied by a gradual lessening of purely physical activity and an increasing mental activity.

Our great error, one involved in a basic misunderstanding of the very meaning of education, lies in our constant effort to hurry up the

process of thought before the mind has developed. It is a simple case of an almost universal failure in sympathy and imagination, a failure to put ourselves in the child's place.

We tend to foist on the child our grown-up world. Because we think of schooling as sitting at a desk, we make him do things with pencil and paper and books. We rush him into mathematics and the coldly abstract formulae of science before his mind readily grasps them or their purpose. We are very patient about it. A child can learn a great deal by endless repetition and memorizing; we spin the material out, satisfied if he takes a year of sweating concentration to learn a few pitiful theorems, and so, by the time his mind is really ready to tackle the subject, when he might come to it as something fresh and meaningful, he is utterly tired of it. We overvalue the storing up of facts unrelated to any immediate purpose in his existence, facts that he forgets again as fast as he learns them, having no use for them in his daily life. So we pay little or no attention to motivation; for we have no age-old formula for such education; yet the desire to learn something because of a feeling of its value must precede study always, and it is a fact that at the age of seventeen or eighteen, motivated by a more mature sense of responsibility than our youth now have, most young people could master in a year what it has taken four years of high school to learn indifferently.

WHAT can we do about this fantastically obsolete system? Obviously the drastic changes necessary cannot be brought about overnight; yet each year's delay makes change more difficult. Every new multi-million-dollar school built around these false concepts contributes to their immobility. We must begin at once to examine critically these flaws so fundamental that in all the flurry of new theories and progressive education, they have been left generally unquestioned. Their correction involves the matter of seeing the correct balance between mental and physical activity for the different age levels. We must stop requiring small children to sit still for hours at a time. We must break away from fixed schedules and curricula, realizing that very important changes take place in the child from year to year. We must stop being in such a hurry to make him study grown-up subjects before he has grown-up responsibilities, and abstract and complex studies before his mind is capable of handling them easily. To introduce such studies into the curriculum earlier is sheer waste. These two factors — the sense of responsibility which provides the motivation, and sufficient brain capacity — are the prerequisites to the study of any subject.

What the precise proportions of physical and mental activity are for the various ages, we have no idea; sufficiently broad experimentation is lacking. One thing is certain: the

whole problem of discipline, that terrible strain of keeping order, which is the bane of the teacher's existence, would be vastly eased under this saner approach. Our new schools should have more varied space and equipment for physical activity, instead of the long corridors and classrooms.

UNDER the system outlined above, certain problems that have long seemed insurmountable would well nigh vanish. The problem of school space would be greatly eased because more activity would take place out in the open; with a varied program, groups would be using different equipment successively. The teacher shortage would be eased because physical education can be handled with fairly large groups under one instructor.

Teachers of the academic subjects now dominating the curriculum would teach successive groups for much shorter periods and teach them *more*; so that each such teacher would be able to handle a much larger number of students. Finally, that seemingly insurmountable problem of mass education, discovering a technique whereby a teacher can guide a fairly large number of students, would be vastly reduced because there would be a positive rather than a negative attitude in the schoolroom — a momentum arising from proper adaptation of subject and environment to the needs of childhood.

The Bobby Pin Incident



• *By Beryl Kent*

THE WOMAN's touch has been responsible for more epoch-making events than the encyclopedias would have us believe. In fact, if history were written according to this fact, it would be more exciting reading than high-voltage fiction.

For example, if you or your children ever read about the way the ex-Japanese Navy was distributed after World War II, you probably won't find my bobby pin mentioned. But that bobby pin, on July 17, 1947, launched thirty-two Japanese ships for America's allies.

It wasn't an extraordinary bobby pin. At that time you could buy a big package, containing about fifty, for a dime. But whatever the cost, that bobby pin was worth its weight in gold to four major nations and me on that hot July day.

By the time summer burst upon Tokyo in '47, I had been a news-writer there for slightly better than two years. My job was covering highlights of the American occupation in Japan for world press release. When the bobby pin slipped into history, I was covering a series of conferences to demilitarize com-

pletely the defunct Japanese Navy.

As you undoubtedly will recall, one of the great peacetime objectives of the Allied occupation was to render the Japanese Navy, once the fourth largest in the world, completely inoperable for further military purposes. This objective was gradually being realized and thus far in the peace-plan more than one hundred submarines and thirty combat vessels had been sent down to Davy Jones' locker.

The small craft and cargo-type auxiliaries which had civilian utility were given to the Imperial Japanese Government for constructive uses.

It was the remaining ships — minor warships, destroyer escorts, mine sweepers and miscellaneous — which were earmarked for division among the claimant nations. There were more than two hundred of these and they were to be distributed only after their official release from mine sweeping and other needed missions.

That was the naval background for that hot, humid day of July 17, when my bobby pin served its international duty. In the conference I

was covering, the men had assembled to distribute thirty-two warships among the United States, Great Britain, China, and Russia.

EACH NATION had sent its top-ranking naval leaders and without exception they were distinguished men who did credit to the honor. Never had I seen such spotless white uniforms, so many shining medals and healthy seamen. Since each official delegate was permitted two attachés and there were about six or seven reporters present, there were nearly twenty men in the room.

We were all seated around a long shiny table. I was the only woman present but, in all honesty, no one noticed me. That is, until the bobby pin brought me into the limelight. And I surely was lucky to have that one bobby pin with me.

Traveling in those days in Tokyo was done exclusively by jeep. And after steering my Army-allotted jeep in and out of the Japanese pedestrians and brakeless bicylists as I drove through the narrow cobbled streets, I had precious few bobby pins left. As a matter of fact, I was reduced to *one* that afternoon and my hair kept straggling down so much that my neck felt haunted.

But I didn't have time nor inclination to think about my hair that day. The breakup of a navy, even though it comes about from the happy transition from war to peace, is serious business.

In accordance with prior decisions

made at the previous conferences, the ships slated for the day's distribution were to be allotted through drawings. Four capsules, each containing a lot number covering eight ships, had been placed in a white sailor hat. Then each delegate was to reach in and pluck out one.

Chance decided the order in which the delegates picked their capsules. They drew for that; little numbered pieces of paper out of a hat. The Russian chose number one, and he stood up to pick the first capsule.

We all watched in patient silence as he attempted to pry the number loose from the transparent cylinder. He seemed to be fumbling with it in much the same nervous manner as I fingered my hair. But his thick fingers could not penetrate the slim capsule.

Instinctively I withdrew a bobby pin (my last, my only) and mumbled, "Take it." He did, with a polite "Spasisba" (Thank you). A very restrained, polite titter went round the table. Then, each delegate in turn accepted and used the bobby pin before it was returned to me. I repinned my hair with it.

The reporters present sent cables back to their syndicates and papers announcing that a "woman's bobby pin had helped launch thirty-two ships." It made headline news all over the world and in Tokyo everyone wanted to see the bobby pin.

Now, would you find this true episode recorded in any of the history books?

b-r-e-a-k-i-n-g

THE COMMUNIST SPELL

By J. EDGAR HOOVER

*Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice*

IN AMERICA TODAY, there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people, once duped by Communism, who have since broken with the Party. This article has been written in a sincere effort to reach them and enlist their help in wiping out the Soviet conspiracy which threatens our country.

With a few exceptions, most of the former Communists have remained silent. Here are some of the reasons: First of all, the individual may be fearful — either of revenge from the Communists or criticism by loyal Americans.

Then, in many cases, he may still be striving to break the bonds which have enslaved his mind. When one has believed that the course he wholeheartedly followed in the past was the right one, he cannot change everything overnight. The awakening may be slow and painful.

And, even when his eyes are fully

open to the truth, he may feel that he cannot break silence. He may feel that he owes a duty to those persons whom he recruited or encouraged to join the Party. He may feel that his motives in joining the Party were good, that he never willfully violated any law but rather was pursuing a course which he then considered noble. He cannot morally bring himself to the point of furnishing incriminating information about those former associates with whom he shared beliefs. Here he faces the test — the emotional struggle between his duty or sympathy to former associates, and his duty to his country, humanity, and his God. What should he do?

The question is a moral one. Each ex-Communist must decide for himself where his duty lies. We of the FBI have known and talked with many who were going through this painful process of decision. Once his eyes are open, the ex-Communist

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sees the evils which Communism has forced upon individuals and nations. But at the same time, he may feel a sense of loyalty to those persons who, like himself, entered Communist movements with certain ideals. They, like him, refused to accept passively the injustices and prejudices of their society. They gave themselves passionately and wholeheartedly to the movement which claims to be the only cure for the world's social and economic ills.

Can he now turn his back on his former associates and furnish information concerning their activities which may incriminate them? Can he now become an example of what he has been taught in the Party to hate — a “stool pigeon” and “informer”? The very idea may be morally distasteful to him.

ON THE OTHER HAND the ex-Communist has, through a slow, agonizing process of disillusionment, had the foundations of his faith shattered. He has come to realize that the Communist conspiracy stands for the social evils he deplored. If this conspiracy is successful in the achievement of its objectives, he and his friends and their children will be the tragic victims of the evils they erroneously thought they were fighting.

So now the ex-Communist faces this question: Is he actually “protecting” his former associates by withholding the information he possesses? Or is he not in reality endan-

gering them, as well as his family, himself and his society? His silence enables the Party to continue its evil designs without detection.

Where lies his higher loyalty — to his former Communist associates who, by their adherence to the Party line, willfully or unwittingly would destroy the freedom and liberties he cherishes? Or to his country which, with its admitted imperfections, remains the ultimate hope of freedom among all nations of the world?

If the ex-Communist is sincere and has truly come to realize that the “good” cause to which he had formerly given himself is in fact an evil, his moral duty is clear. He must combat the evil principles and the evil consequences. These principles not only hold his friends in mental bondage; they are also constantly drawing new victims into the slave pit. The choice must be made.

The ex-Communist holds in his hands weapons which can strike a mighty blow against a terrible evil. He inflicts a minor wound by leaving the Communist Party. (Such a wound is partly healed with the addition of a new member to the Party.) But, when the ex-Communist withdraws and at the same time makes a full disclosure to the proper authorities, he does irreparable damage to the cause. He places his change of philosophy, conscience and action on the record. He is restoring himself to the ranks of good

citizenship and is making amends for his wrongs against America resulting from his Party activities. He is protecting now and in the future his family and our way of life.

And the FBI needs his help. Citizenship carries with it certain obligations. Some people, however, while claiming their rights, completely ignore their duties. This lack of responsibility is reflected in the attitude of those who say flatly, "It's the FBI's job to catch spies. Why should I tell them anything?"

The logic of such a person is like that of the man who sees an escaped leopard stalking his child and does nothing because it isn't his job to corral animals!

THOSE INDIVIDUALS who place information they have regarding the Communist conspiracy in the proper hands are making a contribution of great value to the security of their country. The events of the recent past bear witness to this fact.

The information given by former Communists has alerted the public to the terrible menace by exposing the very nature of the Communist underground and by revealing the manner in which the Communists operate. Such information has disclosed the frightening fact that some channels of public opinion have been infiltrated, and that some faculties of some educational institutions have been penetrated by Communists. Such information has

enabled labor unions to learn of the conspirators' tactics and to thwart them. It has put the plain label of "Communist" on some Party members who long served the conspiracy behind the respectable title of "liberal."

In similar fashion it ripped the cloak of innocence off numerous Communist fronts. Through firsthand experience the negative features of Communism are revealed and Americans, by contrast, gain a deep and humble appreciation of our free, democratic way of life.

Former members of the Communist Party have testified before loyalty hearing boards regarding individuals known to them as present or past members of the Communist Party. Others have presented information in hearings where individuals were seeking to become United States citizens, as well as in instances where the authorities had instituted denaturalization proceedings. The testimony of former Communists has been utilized in unmasking Communist individuals before Congressional committees and in proving perjury in court.

But it is in the field of general intelligence information that former Communists have made their greatest contribution to the security of America. Data furnished by former Communists to the FBI has afforded a more detailed and enlarged picture of past Communist activities. This information serves further as a guide to the FBI not

only in keeping abreast of subversive activity, but also in foreseeing and preparing against future plans of those who would destroy America.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation would not have its broad knowledge of the formidable Soviet underground had it not been for numerous Communist defectors. Contributions of former Communist Party members to the security of the United States are obviously of the greatest present value. The full extent of those contributions may not be generally apparent until some time in the future. Information furnished by them on past membership in the Party often is as valuable as information on present membership, for this reason: the old member who may give every indication of having dropped out of the Party may actually be operating in an underground assignment.

THE OUTRAGED CRIES of the Communists against defectors would be humorous were the situation less serious. The Communists imply that the use of informants began with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and denounce the FBI for spying against them. They forget that spying has always been an integral part of Soviet life, and that American Communists apply this same principle within the Party. The Communists include secret entry and search of members' personal prop-

erty, and reporting on the results of the search.

The individual contributions of former members of the Communist Party to the security of our way of life are shining examples of people who have recognized their mistakes and are doing all within their power to rectify them.

These people deserve the nation's respect, and their neighbors' fair-minded forgiveness for their past devotion to Communism. Their means of livelihood must be protected, and loyal Americans must accept their sincere repentance as a return to the full scope of citizenship. All great religions teach that the sinner can always redeem himself. Who, then, shall sit in judgment on the ex-Communist? Who dare deny him the promise held out to those who repent of the evil they have done and who try to make amends?

For our part, at the FBI, we have always sought to recognize the very real human and personal problems facing the ex-Communists who have come to our offices to make such amends. We have assured them, if they have asked us to keep their confidence, that all revelations will be regarded as confidential until they are willing — as they will be if their repentance is sincere — to use their knowledge as testimony in trials or loyalty hearings.

In discussing the ex-Communist, those who piously say that the leopard never changes its spots for-

get that they are speaking of human beings — mortal creatures with immortal souls. And those who say "Once a Communist, always a Communist" are simply advertising their ignorance. To deny that men can change is to deny the truths which have eternally guided civilized man.

"But," the shout is raised, "how can you believe an ex-Communist?"

The answer lies in the fact that many former Communists have been tested by vigorous cross-examination. They have withstood critical observation. Those most interested in producing evidence which would contradict their testimony have failed to do so. On the other hand, much of the testimony of ex-Communists has been verified by corroborating evidence.

Today there exists a bitter ideological conflict. The Communists themselves assert that the world is divided into two fundamentally different and opposing camps. Only one, they maintain, will survive.

In a crisis we must face reality. With American freedom and the lives of American citizens at stake, where does the individual who has been drawn into the Communist net stand? He cannot be neutral. He is either for or against the United States.

If, having knowledge of persons and activities detrimental to his country, he breaks from the Party, yet remains silent, he is still aiding the enemy. The moral obligation involved cannot be met by silence. The choice is simple: help the United States. The man who does this is preserving freedom under law. He is protecting the American way of life for free men and women — including his family and himself.

Now is the time for those who love America to step forward and be counted. Now is the time for those who erred and once joined the Communist cause to declare themselves. Now is the time for free men to do their part to retain our freedom.

» Men are not perfect; all too often they make wrong decisions. Many of the decisions made in the past were not wise; men are prone to choose the easy way in preference to the hard way, the ugly rather than the beautiful, the evil rather than the good.

But nothing is written in the stars, any more than it is made certain by "economic determinism," that always a majority of men must go on choosing those courses of action which are in the direction of surrendering human liberty.

It is possible, if not too probable, that from some source or other — perhaps from the teachings of the Man of Galilee — men who previously have acted upon decisions to take the easy way, may gain the inspiration, the will and the courage to make decisions which will be in the direction of recapturing and retaining human liberties by and for themselves.

— *Communist-Socialist Propaganda in American Schools* by Verne P. Kaub



fish ODDITIES



BY VANCE HOYT

FISH are the most ancient, fantastic and spectacular oddities in Dame Nature's old curiosity shop. Not only do they communicate with one another by a variety of amazing and incredible sounds, but some whistle, croon and moan like radio "groaners." The trumpet fish toots like a horn; and the love song of the booming whale can be heard for miles under and above the water.

Others produce harsh sounds by grating their teeth together, twitch their belly muscles to beat a tomtom, and strum their air-bladders like an abdominal banjo. The taps and rolls of the drum fish can be heard at a depth of 60 feet. During the war, these mysterious noises underwater gave the Navy sonar submarine spotters the jitters.

Some fish venture out upon land to feed and see what's going on in the world. The versatile gurnard has hands, feet, skids and wings with which to swim, walk and climb trees; and it can fly almost as well as its cousin the flying fish. It can also wink its soulful eyes, something a fish isn't supposed to do.

The axolotl of Mexico, however, is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the water world. As a living link between the fish and the amphibian,

it can actually change into another creature at will. During the rainy season it loses its gills, grows two pairs of legs and lives on land as the spotted salamander. But during the dry season it loses its legs, regrows its gills and again returns to the water to live as a fish. This transformation can be brought about artificially in the aquarium by gradually diminishing the amount of water or the air supply.

Puffers and porcupine fish are nearly as remarkable in their habits. When threatened with danger, they swell up until they are round as a ball, their many spines standing out like spikes. When they rise to the surface and float on their backs, their bristling armor generally discourages any enemy below from molesting them. Sometimes they swell up so large that they burst.

One species found in Africa is blown up by the natives and bounced along the beaches like a rubber ball. When thrown back into the water, the fish assumes its normal size and swims away. The inflated skins of other fish are used by the Japanese as picturesque lanterns.

Fish range in size from the tiny goby, less than one-half inch in

length, to the monster ray, or devil-fish, with a wing-span of 20 feet and weighing several tons. The swordfish is probably the fastest swimmer; and, although no one knows which is the longest-lived fish, the transparent, or white, goby is the shortest-lived — the only vertebrate whose life-span is one year.

FISH FOLK have their marital troubles, even as you and I. In their case, however, it's usually the male who pays and pays. The life of many fish-husbands is one of downright slavery.

The male lumpfish not only builds the nest, drives his mate into it to spawn, but also guards the eggs from all enemies, including the female herself. For two weeks he thus labors, the while fanning, without food and sleep, the egg-mass to keep it bathed in flowing water. When the ordeal is over, he's nearly exhausted and starved to death.

The male of a certain butterfly-fish constructs a nest by blowing little bubbles of air on the surface of the water until there is a floating mass of them. Being too tiny to carry the roe in his mouth to the nest, he ascends to the surface and swallows an abundance of air; then, placing himself beneath the egg-mass, he suddenly exhales two explosive jets of air through his gills which envelop him in a cloud of air-mist. When he reappears, he is covered in a livery of air-bubbles. Thus rising, he rubs the air-bubbles with

their eggs on the nest, to which they adhere.

Males of some of the common catfish carry the eggs in their mouths until they are hatched. Others, more resourceful, glue them to the underside of their bodies so that they need not go without eating. The male sea horse places them in a little pocket beneath his body and carries them about until they are incubated. Hundreds of perfectly formed fry are liberated at a hatching, so tiny in size the human eye can hardly distinguish them.

Not all the females, however, are shirkers of their maternal duties. The female pipe-fish is so attached to her young that she carries them with her in a kangaroo-like pouch; the leaf-fish suspends her eggs and young by threads from the underside of water plants in order to guard them better.

The moms of some species really have a tough time of it. The females of the telescope-fish are subjected to severe punishment by the overly zealous males. Several males will pursue a female who is reluctant to spawn and roll her about like a ball for days until she finally lays her eggs from sheer exhaustion.

Such fish as the Remoras, who attach themselves to other fish to be carried to new hunting grounds, are the hoboes and hitch-hikers of the waterways. Others of this type, such as the deadly lamprey, an eel-like creature, are blood-sucking parasites — true gangsters.

The little damsel-fish was probably the world's first Quisling. Its ancient badger-game alliance with the deadly sea anemone is a classic in villainy par excellence. It acts as a decoy to secure food for the gluttonous anemone, who refrains from harming it and offers it shelter in return for its nefarious services. Thus assured of protection, it ventures forth from its hiding place, the great flower-like cup of the anemone, which is really the beast's stomach. When its brilliant red body with white-barred markings attracts the eye of some wandering denizen, who gives chase, it quickly darts back into the interior of the belly-god. This brings the pursuing dupe within reach of the waving tentacles of the anemone, and their lethal stinging cells promptly paralyze and engulf the victim. The two partners in crime then share the spoils.

FISH were well versed in the art of camouflage before the first insect bore wings. Some butterfly-fish, who have faked eyespots on their rear sides, swim backward so that, if they are attacked, they can dart rapidly in the direction least expected by their enemy. The file-fish, who feeds among clumps of eel-grass, stands on its nose in times of danger, with fins gently waving to imitate a clump of grass. Its mottled green color matches the flora perfectly.

The red mullet and dolphin are

famous for their power of changing colors. Even when they die, they put on a spectacular display of iridescence. The dolphin changes its hues so rapidly that the eye cannot grasp the beauty of one color before another comes into view. The Romans at their feasts used to entertain their guests with the kaleidoscopic display of colors of the red mullet during its death struggles.

The wrasse, however, is perhaps the master undersea "quick change" artist. It can change its brilliant colors to that of any fish with which it comes in contact. Likewise, in a twinkle of an eye, it can completely vanish from sight by taking on the color of any underwater object.

Electric eels and torpedo rays have used radar for millions of years. They send out electric impulses which, on striking another fish, bounce back. Then having detected food or enemy, they discharge a shock up to 400 volts, which is sufficient to render helpless or kill almost any animal in the vicinity, including man.

The electric catfish of East Africa, however, uses its strange power in a more subtle way. Swimming boldly up to any large fish, it slyly touches it on the stomach with a fin. The shock does not kill the fish, but causes it to vomit any half-digested food before it makes a hasty getaway. The catfish then eats the free lunch and looks for another victim.

The luminous lights of many fish are used for attack and defense

purposes. Some grow trailing beards of fantastic shapes that have the appearance of bushes. When aglow with their lights they look like Christmas trees beneath the water.

One of these creatures is equipped with a lariat twice its length, which it whips around as an antenna to pick up vibrations of foe or prey. Others carry brilliant tail-lights they can suddenly flash on as stop signals to confuse and dazzle a pursuing enemy in times of danger.

THE female angler fish uses the long tentacle which sprouts from the top of her head like a light bulb as bait to lure fish into her huge carpet-bag mouth. This monster literally absorbs the personality of her tiny mate, who becomes attached to her body and fuses with her bloodstream to serve thereafter as a sex organ with which she fertilizes her eggs as she lays them.

Some kinds of fish are highbrows. The high forehead of the beautiful moonfish gives it the appearance of an intellectual. Others are such pugnacious lowbrows that they are bred and trained like dogs and cocks for fighting purposes.

Still others are rank cowards, such as the fierasfer. This little fish, when alarmed, retreats to the sea-cucumber and backs into the latter's food canal, where it remains until it regains sufficient courage to venture out again into the cold, wet world.

Many fish are curious anatomical

freaks. During its transformation from a normal young fish to a flat grotesque creature, one eye of the flounder migrates to the opposite side of its head. The paddle-fish has an over-specialized snout, a broad, thin plate of bone, one-third its length, with which it can scoop up mud and gravel in search of food. The little fish-head has the appearance of one that has lost most of its body and all its tail, while the wolf-fish looks just like its namesake.

Another curiosity is "little four eyes," *Anabeleps tetraphthalmus*, the only fish known that has four visions of sight. Each of its protruding eyes is divided into an upper and lower section. As it swims along, the top part of the head is raised above the water so that the upper division of the eye can detect insects hovering near the surface while the lower, submerged division can see objects in the water below. This tropical finny oddity can also jump into the air and catch insects, like the archer fish, which stuns its prey with water-bullets ejected from its barrel-shaped mouth.

But of all the fishy curios, the little killifish, *Cyprinodon maculatica*, is the most baffling to ichthyologists. It lives in the hot-spring pools of the desert regions of Southern California in water whose temperature ranges upward to 200° Fahrenheit, only 12 degrees less than boiling. And the water is so heavily charged with borax that it can be used for washing, without soap!

Do You Know That —

- ▶ Overseas Chinese fear that a new Chinese Communist government drive for subscriptions to their 1954 national construction bond campaign foretells blackmail pressure tactics against Chinese families in the U.S. and elsewhere who have relatives trapped behind the Bamboo Curtain.
- ▶ For the second straight year, the Russian Communists have forfeited a Long Island, New York, estate on which they house members of their official staffs by failure to pay local taxes on the palatial establishment.
- ▶ Realization that DDT and other chemicals have not wiped out the ordinary housefly has led researchers to intensive study of the pest's digestive system in order to direct a new approach to the problem.
- ▶ German recovery in the field of foreign trade has been so strong that Western Germany is behind only the U.S. and Canada and slightly ahead of France in export surplus. She ranks fifth in imports.
- ▶ When the U.S. Capitol was moved from New York to Washington in 1801, total Federal employees numbered exactly 137. In the first ten months of the Eisenhower Administration, over ten times that number were discharged from Federal service for security reasons alone.
- ▶ Forced labor in mines and land-development projects has been the fate of at least six million Chinese who are political enemies of the Communist regime.
- ▶ Red Cross distribution of gamma globulin for polio and measles prevention and treatment in 1953 amounted to almost five million cubic centimeters of the serum.
- ▶ In years past, purchases of automobiles for government departments have been several thousand yearly. In 1950-51, almost five thousand cars were bought by the Government for the use of officials.
- ▶ Electronic "brains" such as are used to compute mathematical formulae and election returns are being developed to assist hydrologists in flood-control projects. By means of the mechanical supermen, there will be available immediate data as the basis for calculating the damming and release of water in the monster engineering projects being constructed by U.S. Army Engineers.
- ▶ As much as 95% of the heroin in some areas of illicit West Coast drug traffic comes from Red China, with Hong Kong the rendezvous for Communist exporters and American importers.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

Conscience of a Trial Lawyer

BY JOHN DRISKILL

THE trial advocate is reputed to know, and is expected to use, tricks for the concealment of truth. He often is criticized for his espousal of causes and for the earnest defense of those charged with the commission of reprehensible or heinous acts.

Unless a lawyer engaged in trial work first is convinced that his side is right or of the merit of the position he is required to take and maintain, it is necessary for him to square the work with his conscience. In every walk of life there always are to be found a few people who are unconscionable, but this is seldom true of a majority.

By the very nature of his profession, it is true that the conscience of the trial lawyer becomes more elastic than is that of a person less close to people in trouble.

Although some specific act is condemned, the conscientious trial advocate never hurries to condemn any actor, as he compiles knowledge that each result has its peculiarly personal cause.

The trial lawyer sooner or later learns that the thought of self-sufficiency is the most malignant thought a man or group of men can have.

Each cause has an effect, whether

the cause is physical, mental or emotional. Gradually, the most conscientious advocate reaches the conclusion and conviction that men do not have the right to judge others, and that the right to judge belongs to God alone.

The Truth of God can be investigated and scrutinized by men everywhere. It is unavoidable and everlasting in the consciousness of humanity and in the intelligence of mankind.

The laws and the morals of men have a pronounced tendency to grow in complexity and self-contradiction. No individual, in any conceivable lifetime, ever could become familiar with all of the laws and morals prevailing at a specified time, and the possibility of keeping abreast with the myriad changes taking place is even more remote.

The judges do not know the law and seldom understand the culprits.

So long as the services of a man are for hire by individuals in trouble, a duty is entailed to do the best that can be done. If the personal problems of the employee take precedence over those of the employer, he cannot earn his salary. The trial lawyer is only an employee of his client.



"It's been taken care of."

WHAT IS **Joe McCarthy** REALLY TRYING TO DO?

By John T. Flynn

WHAT is Senator Joe McCarthy up to? What is he trying to do? One critic has said he is just an invincible show-off. But now his enemies say he is trying to make himself President. As for running for the Presidency, McCarthy has no illusions. A very wise politician, he knows as well as the next man that the time has not yet arrived when a Catholic can be elected President of the United States. His foes can stop worrying about that.

What, then, is he up to? The implication is that he has some mysterious enterprise on his agenda. But after all, is there anything wrong about being against Communism and Communists in America? Is some profound psychological problem involved in explaining why an American Senator is against Communism?

No, there is no mystery about Joe McCarthy. As a matter of fact, he is about the most obvious person in Washington. He just doesn't like Communists. And above all, he

doesn't think they should hold jobs — particularly important jobs — in our Government. What is so peculiar about this point of view that it should call for an explanation? The mystery of Joe McCarthy can be explained in a single sentence: he is opposed to admitting Americans who are the enemies of our American system of government — Communists or socialists — into the Government of the United States.

It is just as simple as that and, I should like to inquire, what is wrong about it? And I would like to ask one more question — what is the matter with the people who want to know what is the matter with McCarthy?

The truth is that McCarthy has come in for the same dose that has been given to every political leader or writer who has broken a lance against the Commies. McCarthy didn't begin this. The first important attack on the Reds was made by a famed and beloved old labor leader,

John Frey, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. He appeared as one of the first witnesses before the Dies Committee in 1938 and gave the committee a list of more than a hundred Communists who had penetrated the newly formed CIO labor federation. President Roosevelt sent for the chairman of the committee, Martin Dies, and demanded that he put an end to Frey's testimony, which Dies refused to do.

Later Dies became the target of the same groups that have been sniping at McCarthy. A group of congressmen headed by Frank Hook of Michigan hatched a plot to disgrace Dies. They obtained a letter supposedly written to Dies by the discredited and convicted William Dudley Pelley, then a fugitive from justice. Hook was delivering a speech against Dies in the House when Pelley turned up and denounced the letter as a forgery. This was proved when the disreputable stooge who wrote it confessed to the forgery, for which he was paid \$105, and was convicted and jailed. Later the Reds and their strange allies in the Democratic Party massed all their forces to defeat Dies in Texas. He is back in the House now, I am glad to say, after a long absence.

BOB STRIPLING, the chief investigator of the Dies Committee, was drafted into the Army (though he had standard exemptions which excluded others at the time) and sent

to a camp as a yardbird, sweeping refuse, along with German prisoners. Parnell Thomas, who succeeded Dies as committee chairman, was shadowed and spied on until they found he had taken a kickback from one of his office employees — not unusual among Congressmen who have campaign expenses to meet. He was indicted and sent to jail. Joseph Starnes, an able member of the committee from Alabama, became the target of the infuriated Reds and their Democratic allies and was defeated in an election in which all the forces of the national administration were mobilized against him.

The toll of the dispossessed is a long one. I could fill this page with the names of writers and journalists who were silenced for their boldness in attacking the Communists in government. Every time a Red was spotted in government and exposed or indicted, all the forces of the administration were mobilized to defend him or her and to persecute his accuser.

When Whittaker Chambers revealed the Hiss treason to Adolf Berle, a loyal and left-wing Democrat then an Assistant Secretary of State, and Berle carried that news to the State Department and the President, nothing was done about Hiss; but Berle was later literally transported out of the State Department to a post in South America. It was years before Hiss was brought to book. It is one of the strangest stories in our history. Mc-

Carthy is simply getting the standard treatment prepared to intimidate lesser and weaker men.

McCarthy's special objective now is quite obvious and of the first importance. America faces many grave and almost frightening problems. These call for the devoted attention of men and women dedicated to our own country and its interests. *The United States Government simply cannot afford the presence in its counsels and among its officers of a camarilla of officials who are part of a conspiracy to advance the interests of any other country at the expense of our own — any country, but above all, Soviet Russia and her Communist allies.*

McCarthy's objective is to rid our government of that conspiracy. For the life of me, I cannot understand why any loyal American should not approve this.

Actually, McCarthy came into the struggle somewhat late. He had been in the Marines during World War II. He entered the Senate in 1946. The revelations of the shocking betrayal of China by American Reds in official posts shocked him. He began to study that dreadful story, but it was not until 1950 that in the course of a speech he charged that 57 members of the Communist Party were in the State Department. He did not name any, but in a long speech a little later expanded the charges and in the course of that speech said there was a top Communist espionage agent in the State

Department, and he demanded an investigation. A widely-known columnist reported that the man McCarthy was aiming at was Owen Lattimore.

ALL THIS led to an investigation of the charges by the Tydings Committee. But the investigation turned into an investigation of McCarthy, not of the State Department. It ended with a denunciation of McCarthy and a complete acquittal of all those he had named, including Lattimore.

But, fortunately, this did not really end it. Senator Tydings, running for election in Maryland, was defeated. Later Senator William Benton, the active prosecutor of McCarthy in the Senate, was also soundly beaten when he tried for re-election in Connecticut. On the other hand, McCarthy, running for the second time in Wisconsin, was re-elected by a tremendous majority.

Meantime, the Internal Security Sub-Committee of the Senate investigated the Lattimore charges. The members — three Democrats and two Republicans — declared that Lattimore was "a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy" and that he had lied to them under oath. He is now under indictment for perjury and awaiting trial. However, the record of evidence in those hearings leaves no doubt whatever that McCarthy's charges against the State Department were well-founded.

As for the pro-Red Department officials he named and who were acquitted by the Tydings Committee, most of them and a great many more have been driven out of the government. It is not necessary to name them here. They make up only a small part of the strange horde of faithless Americans who not only dedicated their lives to the fortunes of a foreign country but chose our deadliest enemy — Russia — as the object of their affections. McCarthy's vigorous exposure of these troublemakers ultimately stimulated the alertness of various departments.

Even before Mr. Truman left office, the exodus began. And since the new administration took over, some 1456 security risks have been let out of the government. It is safe to say that this never would have happened but for the vigorous activities of Senator McCarthy, Representative Velde of the House Un-American Activities Committee, Senator McCarran of the Senate Internal Security Sub-Committee and, more recently, Senator Jenner, who succeeded Senator McCarran.

HOWEVER, we must never lose sight of Senator McCarthy's objective from the beginning. He has never denied the right of an American to be a Communist or to join the Communist Party, even though that party be a defender of

the political ideas of Communist Russia. He has insisted that Communists and their sympathizers have no place in our government councils.

The problems facing our leaders are the most difficult, and even baffling, in our history. Normal Americans — Republicans and Democrats — will differ on these problems and the method of dealing with them. We cannot afford to complicate the task of meeting them by having in these councils a secret conspiratorial clique dedicated to the interests of any other country, even a friendly one. Above all, we cannot tolerate in these councils the agents of a country which has declared war upon our way of life and maintains in our midst a highly organized conspiracy to destroy our institutions and, in our struggle against the enemy, to represent the cause of that enemy. The differences between normal and loyal Americans are sufficiently disturbing without subjecting the study and discussion of them to the intrusion of a numerous, trained and resolute conspiracy representing the enemy.

This, and nothing more, is what Senator McCarthy is trying to do — create a condition in our government where our policies will be made by Americans devoted wholeheartedly to America. Why should he not have, in this, the wholehearted support of every loyal American?

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ Jerry Di Trapani, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is the most popular barber in town with the kids. He has two squirt guns, one holding water, the other tonic, which he uses to douse children's hair.
- ✓ There's a Des Moines doughnut shop where you can also eat the holes. The chunks of dough punched out of the doughnut are prepared separately and served to customers.
- ✓ During hot weather, a Lake George, New York, congregation holds services in an outdoor drive-in theater, with the minister giving his sermon by the big screen and the multi-outlet amplifier system carrying his message to each car.
- ✓ E. P. Dickerson, of Memphis, solved the problem of how to keep his materials dry while building himself a new garage by keeping the materials in his old garage and building the new one over the old one, a garage within a garage. He finally tore down the old one when the new one was ready.
- ✓ A young Brazil, Indiana, factory worker was cured of his habit of taking a hard-boiled egg from his lunch and cracking it on his forehead when fellow-workers substituted an uncooked egg.
- ✓ Two persons came into a Harrisburg, Arkansas, café and asked for two glasses of hot water and two spoons. Then they took a jar of instant coffee from their pockets, made some coffee, drank it, thanked the waitress for use of the glasses and left.
- ✓ Detective Jack Garber, of Rawlins, Wyoming, cuts all the ties he buys and sews the two pieces together lightly. That's so if a belligerent prisoner should grab his tie, the neckpiece would give way and the prisoner find himself off balance.
- ✓ Because harpooned whales often drift away in fog and are lost, all whales caught now by Norwegian seamen are outfitted with small radio transmitters. The transmitters guide searcher boats to the missing whales.
- ✓ Instead of a red warning flag on the pipe protruding from the back of the truck, a Memphis firm gets good public relations by substituting a big bunch of roses.



A Change of Linen Is Needed!



Contain the Rising Tide!



Is Complacency Worth the Risk?



For the American Who Wears Two Hats

THE GALLANT OF THE FENCE ROW

By Nell Womack Evans

ON A SPRING morning when the dogwood is in bloom, the peach orchard a mass of tender pink blossoms and the air fragrant with growing things, the call of the Bob White floods the heart of the listener with a feeling of well-being. Lucky are the farm folk that Bob White dwells among them. And, come autumn, hunters will stalk him through golden fields and briar thickets.

Call him "Bob White" or call him "quail," you cannot really know this gallant of the fence row until you have thrilled to his cheery call. From my childhood I remember him, sometimes atop a fence post, sometimes perched on the low branches of the orchard trees, calling — calling — in spring when he is ready to choose his mate, during nesting season, and late summer after his brood has hatched and flown.

To us, who heard him more frequently on humid days, his call seemed to say "more wet, more, more wet," and we came to depend on him as our rain forecaster.

The call is his love song as well as his challenge. Perhaps a demure hen hears him first from her hiding place nearby and a courtship is begun. Perhaps the ringing reply of another cock may answer the challenge, and a fight ensues — a fight as gallant and full of courage as that of game cocks.

Then Bob White, as a good husband, assumes his part of the home responsibilities, sitting on the eggs, and sometimes caring for the chicks.

Vanity makes it possible to trap the otherwise wary quail. During mating season he can be trapped alive and unhurt by using mirrors inside an appropriate trap.

Hunting for the quail's nest is a favorite pastime of children. The nests are casual, but cunningly hidden. There are some coarse straws which are laid to form a hollow and in this there are from nine to twenty tiny brown-speckled eggs. Those who are fortunate enough to see the nest at hatching time are amazed to note the alert manner in which the chicks almost leap from the egg and begin walking about the nest.

In an astoundingly short time the hen quail takes off from the nest with the chicks following after her in a long queue. They are the most delightful babies in the world, a buff "fluff" with a brown stripe from head to tail.

When a covey is flushed from a thicket by a hunter, the whirr of wings is so loud and so sudden that he thinks the jets are coming; momentary hesitation often loses him his quarry, as our little game birds can disappear like magic. Thus it is that our strutting little gallant continues to inhabit our fence rows.

PROBLEM IN

Panama

BY JULES DUBOIS

THERE IS a monument in the Republic of Panama which honors the French who failed to build the Panama Canal. There is no monument to honor the Americans who *did* build the Canal.

If our National Security Council, our Joint Chiefs of Staff, our State, Defense and other departments of our national administration have never given that poignant fact some thought, it is appropriate for them to do so now.

Negotiations are being held in Washington with special emissaries of the Government of Panama to review the entire field of relations between both countries. Panama took the initiative and practically had to beg the State Department to agree to talks.

President Jose Antonio Remon feels there are many inequities in the application of American policy in the Canal Zone. He has set the pattern for the Washington negoti-

ations with an often-repeated public statement: "We don't want handouts. We want justice."

A very prominent Panamanian has said: "The United States appears to have one foreign policy for nineteen American republics and a special and most distasteful one for Panama. The other American republics are treated as 'good neighbors' and we are treated like a conquered people."

I looked at him somewhat incredulously because Panama has derived, and does derive, many benefits from the mere existence of the Canal. Our airplanes fly mercy missions to every point of the Republic; boats are occasionally loaned for some official trips of Panamanians; and not a penny is charged.

I thought the official was stretching his grievances a bit too much at first. But constant travels throughout the other nineteen American republics have convinced me that he was not.

Remon's visit to the White House last September probably prevented a stalemate in the negotiations. It is known that there is considerable opposition to Panama's request for a revision of existing treaties.

Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs John Moors Cabot has termed some of Panama's demands as "excessive." The demands have not been made public, but whether "excessive" or not, if we are at the Panama Canal to stay, we should try to place our relations on a plane that will ensure a permanent, friendly cooperation and not eternal bickering and friction.

IN SEEKING a friendly settlement of Panama's long-standing grievances against the United States, President Remon would seem to be in a strong position. He is a firm friend of this country, and has demonstrated his friendship by actions, as well as by words.

Within three hours of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Remon, then chief of police, rounded up every Japanese, German and Italian alien in the Republic, and interned them for the duration. Panama declared war against the Axis the same day that the United States did. Throughout the war, Panama granted whatever bases and assistance were needed by our military.

Since he became President, a little more than a year ago, Remon has cracked down relentlessly on Communist agitators who were so active

in his country, and has stemmed what had been an unceasing flow of anti-U.S. Communist propaganda.

Moreover, he has inaugurated two domestic reforms that are almost without precedent in Panamanian history: an efficient and equitable collection of taxes; and a nearly complete elimination of the graft system, which has traditionally permeated all ranks of officialdom.

As a result, the Panamanian government, which was two years behind in the payment of its obligations, is now current.

Let no one mistakenly think that President Remon, who is firmly entrenched in office, is badly in need of an expression of friendship on our part in order to maintain his political prestige and justify his pro-United States policy.

The Panamanian people know how earnest and patriotic have been his efforts. It will be the prestige of our country that will suffer should an amicable understanding fail to be reached with the Panamanians.

One of the things he seeks is a revision of the treaties under which Panama granted the U.S. rights in perpetuity to the Canal Zone, the Canal railroad, and various properties inside the Republic which are owned by the railroad.

Under the treaty of 1903, the United States agreed to pay Panama \$250,000 annually for these rights. This amount was raised to \$430,000 in 1936, to offset the effect of our devaluing the dollar.

However, Panamanians believe that economic developments over the past 50 years make this sum unrealistic. They have indicated a hope that the annuity should be raised to a sum which would be a fair proportion of the \$30 million annual income of the Panama Canal Company, the subsidiary of the U.S. Department of Defense which operates the Canal, the railroad and various concessions. But they have set no figure themselves and are content to leave this to the "justice" of our government.

President Remon is desperately anxious to improve his country's weak economy. If the increased rental is granted, he plans to use the additional funds to finance construction of a highway network which would open up hundreds of thousands of acres of rich agricultural lands which are now inaccessible. Curiously, Panama, which has vast areas of idle fertile lands, is forced to import about \$12 million of food annually.

PRESIDENT REMON is also seeking an adjustment of various practices of the Panama Canal Company which have caused bitter resentment among Panamanians of all classes, and which provide the Communists with ready-made propaganda to stir up hatred against the United States.

The Panama Canal Company, many times the largest single enterprise in the country, has often refused to employ Panamanians in any

but the lowest-paid jobs, and even in these, pays them only a fraction of the wages it pays U.S. nationals doing identical work. We are guilty in Panama of the same practices which proved so disastrous to the British in Suez and Iran. We are discriminating against local citizens in their own country.

Another long standing grievance concerns the huge volume of merchandise — luxuries as well as all categories of necessities — which is sold in the Canal Zone commissaries and PX's. The goods are tax-free and duty-free, and the low prices are at least indirectly subsidized by the U.S. Government. Theoretically the sales are limited to employees of the Company and U.S. military personnel. Actually, the thousands of Panamanians employed in the Zone shop in the commissaries not only for their families but for their relatives and friends as well.

Panamanian officials, and particularly their businessmen, consider it quite ironic that a government which preaches so earnestly the virtues of private enterprise should subject their struggling economy to the competition of a huge U.S. Government-owned, U.S. Government-subsidized merchandising system.

It is to these grievances, and the adjustments he seeks, that President Remon refers when he says: "We don't want handouts. We want justice."

A paragraph of the 1936 treaty with Panama reads:

"There shall be a perfect, firm and inviolable peace and sincere friendship between the United States of America and the Republic of Panama and between their citizens."

Those words meant absolutely nothing in 1947 when our troops were kicked off the defense bases. The sores that had festered in the hearts of the Panamanians were too deep, the memories of hurts and humiliations were too long and vivid, and Communist-inspired agitation was able to have a field day.

THE DEFENSE bases fiasco is a story in itself. It is a story not only of diplomatic inertia but of absurd military planning. Our Joint Chiefs of Staff went on record some time ago that we do not need bases in the Republic of Panama.

If that decision had been made in 1946 or 1947 when the state of international insecurity was less tense than today, our government and people would have been saved considerable embarrassment and a diplomatic defeat that resounded around the world.

Brigadier General Frank J. McSherry, World War II expert in military government occupation, issued a prophetic warning in a special study made for the Department of the Army in the Canal Zone in 1946 and 1947. He warned that corrective measures must be taken to hold the friendship and goodwill of the Panamanians.

Some corrective measures have

been taken, but many, many more are needed.

The archives of the Panama foreign office bulge with protests sent to our State Department against arbitrary actions, discriminatory policies and commercial competition in the Canal Zone. It is true that the Panamanians can do much to help themselves and improve their economy — which is being done today — but it is also a fact that our functionaries have almost always employed a legalistic approach to every question in the Canal Zone and Panama which has been as inflexible and as hidebound as the British policy that has made the position of Her Majesty's Government virtually untenable at Suez.

We led off with the wrong foot in the Canal Zone from the start. Lieutenant George W. Davis assumed control of the Zone on May 19, 1904, without prior delimitation of the boundaries. It took years to settle that protest.

In 1905, commissaries were opened in the Zone and have been a diplomatic headache ever since. When Army and Navy personnel came years later, post exchanges and ship's services followed.

Pressure by businessmen of many communities in the United States forced our Congress to enact legislation which restricts the activities of post exchanges at home. Panama businessmen have been crying for similar action because there is much smuggling into the Republic.

Our government cannot be directly blamed for this smuggling. Much of the responsibility rests on residents in Panama who request friends to make purchases for them at the commissaries or PX's where prices are naturally cheaper because no duties are paid and the markup is a regular 35 per cent.

Panama dairies can furnish milk and other milk products to meet American quality and health specifications. Beverage manufacturers can meet all soda pop requirements. Bakeries can furnish bread, cakes and pies. Ice companies can deliver ice. But all these are produced by the commissary division, which also makes chemical products to compete with United States manufacturers.

AMERICAN employees of the Panama Canal are no happier today about their plight than are the Panamanians about their treatment. State socialism — which is the simple definition of our Canal Zone government — has nibbled away at many of their benefits and prerogatives which once made the Zone a Yankee Utopia.

The days when our government grabbed land first and told the Panamanians about it afterwards, and only then because they had protested, are gone. No longer do we prevent them from building a railroad within their own country or erecting radio stations as we used to, nor do we insist on disarming their police as we did in 1916, nor

do we intervene in their elections as we did on many occasions.

Our refusal to allow Panama to build railroads from 1909 to 1919 is a blot on our record. American engineers surveyed a 300-mile railroad from Panama City to David, capital of Chiriqui Province in 1909. The national assembly enacted legislation to authorize its construction at a cost of ten million dollars. Our authorities in the Canal Zone objected to the project because branch lines would have been opened in the central provinces. Today it would cost more than \$150,000,000.

Then our legation demanded from Panama the right to approve any concession to build a railroad in the Republic. On December 30, 1912, Basil Burns Duncan, an American, was given a contract to build a railroad from the west bank of the Chagres River near the Atlantic entrance of the Canal, southwest for 35 miles to include branch lines. Colonel George W. Goethals, Governor of the Zone, objected to a clause by which Duncan would have been permitted to build piers at Chagres, because they would require a revision of Canal defense plans. Panama was forced to cancel the contract.

In 1917, Duncan again tried to build a railroad from the mouth of the Chagres to Chiriqui Lagoon in Bocas del Toro Province on the Caribbean and extend a branch line to Penonomé, 125 miles from Panama City, in the Province of Coclé.

Our legation objected to the construction of the branch to Penonomé "because it might prove detrimental to Canal defenses." Panama was forced to rescind the contract.

Over repeated protests by our government in 1919, Panama granted a concession to build a 15-mile narrow gauge short line from Nombré de Dios to the Boqueron River in the Province of Colon to a mining company. Since then we have kept hands off Panama's sovereign right to build railroads.

OUR GOVERNMENT is in the real estate business in Panama but, because of a right granted in the 1903 treaty, pays no taxes on this property.

A few months ago the Panama Canal Company hiked the rental for a lot leased for years to the National Brewery of Panama from \$1,006.43 to \$1,999.60 per year. The general manager of the brewery protested the nearly 100 per cent increase to no avail.

When Panama granted us 134 defense bases in World War II, for which our government paid a nominal rental, we committed ourselves among other things to build a vehicular tunnel under the Canal to permit uninterrupted traffic to other points of the Republic. That promise, as well as others, was included in an annex to the defense agreement which was ratified by the Senate in 1943. We still have to

comply with it and other unfulfilled promises.

In view of the above, and many other incidents which are impossible to enumerate here, is it any wonder that Panamanians might at times be somewhat "impetuous" in their protests and "excessive" in their demands, while our own officials furnish a fertile field of operations for adept anti-American agitators?

The Panamanian people are our friends. They demonstrated this last November 4 — their flag day — during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their independence. At their request, an American color guard led the parade directly behind a Panamanian schoolgirl standard bearer.

Special guests of President Remon at the presidential palace to watch our soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines march past amid a moving ovation included Governor John D. Lodge of Connecticut, personal representative of President Eisenhower to the celebration, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and our Armed Forces commanders from the Canal Zone.

But not even our best friends like to get kicked around too much. Especially when they feel that even though we pay something for the right to use their property, we are still guests in their house and profiting handsomely from it.

Let's hope our planners and policy makers face reality before it's too late.

THE *American Farmer* HAS LOST HIS BACKBONE

By JOSH M. DRAKE, JR.

ALL MY LIFE has been spent either as a farmer or working with farm people, excluding the four years I served as an infantry officer during World War II. For the past eight years I have been a free-lance farm reporter and my articles have been published in numerous rural magazines. Because of my background, I feel I am qualified to give my opinion of the modern farmer.

Somewhere during the last twenty years or so the American farmer has lost his backbone.

By that statement I mean that farm people in general have lost their rugged, independent, pioneer spirit. Of course, there are a few hearty individualists left on our farms who are not looking for hand-outs from the Government, but each year they are harder to find.

When I was growing up on a farm, we had our good years and our poor years. When we had a good year, we tried to lay enough money back for operating expenses in case of drought, dust storms, insect invasions or low prices.

When we had a crop failure or when prices on farm products went down, we did not expect the Government to pay us the difference between good prices and poor prices. When the supply exceeded the demand on certain farm products, the prices naturally went down. After the surplus was used, the prices always went back up. If we had a bad year and made little or no profit, we bought fewer luxuries. If we had two or three bad years in a row, we could still live off the land.

When I was a boy, every farmer had an orchard and a garden. The shelves in nearly every farmer's cellar were lined with rows of canned fruit, vegetables and preserves. Potatoes, apples and onions were stored in bins and would keep all winter. Every farmer had a big flock of chickens and several hogs and cows. With all these things, the farm family was assured of food if low prices, crop failures, drought or floods came. Most farmers butchered hogs and cured hams and slabs of bacon in the smokehouse.

The farmer had plenty to eat and, if he didn't have money to spend, he would invite his neighbors in to play dominoes, pitch or checkers.

AS RECENTLY as a generation ago the farmer got up before daylight and seldom finished his day's work before dark. Today's modern farmer, with rural electricity, tractors and many labor-saving gadgets, has more leisure time than he ever had. Many farmers spend more daylight hours in town loafing and visiting than they do working on the farm.

Many modern farmers do not plant a garden or have an orchard. They buy their fruit and vegetables from the stores. Also a surprising number of farm families no longer keep cows or chickens. They buy their eggs and milk from the poultry and dairy farmers rather than take the extra time to care for chickens and cows. They have the money, thanks to Government parity payments, so why go to the trouble?

Many modern farmers have become one-crop farmers. This gives them more leisure time. For instance, in my part of the country, the cotton farmer plants his seeds in the late spring, cultivates his crop in the summer, and harvests in the fall. For about five months during the winter and early spring, he has virtually nothing to do. During these months he is frequently in town shooting pool or loafing. This gives him plenty of time to yell

about what a bad deal the Government is giving him and about how price supports should be raised.

If he were milking a herd of cows during the winter months and selling the milk as his father did, he could supplement his income and get by without a Government handout.

I am sorry to say that many modern farmers (particularly the cotton farmers) are, and have been for years, wards of the Government. They have received handouts so long that they would rather be dependent on the taxpayers than work as their grandfathers did. They have lost their pride, thanks to a series of give-away programs that started in the early 'thirties. First the Government paid the farmers to plow up their surplus cotton and to kill their surplus pigs and bury them. Since then these give-away programs have grown bigger every year.

The modern farmer has spent much of his leisure time forming rural organizations. By banding together, the farmers put pressure on Congress to pass more give-away bills.

With the exception of a few rugged individualists, the modern farmer has lost the will to stand on his own two feet, to fight the elements and wrest a living from the soil as his grandfather did. Today he has better equipment, more luxuries, more money, more know-how than he ever had. He has everything but the will to get in there and work.

BY PEARL P. PUCKETT

You'll Write Home About the

LUAU



IN ALL PROBABILITY, Hawaii will soon become our forty-ninth state. Even so, few Americans know how to "put on a *Luau*," which is the most aristocratic feast of all times.

Briefly, the *Luau* is something you'll be sure to write home about. It actually stumps the best of 'em, and finally leaves 'em as adventurous as the guy who swallowed the first oyster, or the gal who bit into the first love apple. It is the feast of the island where one runs the gamut of taste sensations, and finally becomes punch-drunk on food.

According to the real McCoy, the *Luau* guests never touch more than the thumb, index finger, and middle finger of the right hand to the food. Silverware is absolutely taboo. You are immediately spotted as a rank amateur if you get covered with food from head to foot.

The *Luau* is prepared with much care and extravagant artistry. First an *Imu*, or outdoor oven (enlarged fox-hole to most of the old service boys), is dug. Next it is lined with new burlap bags, then relined with banana leaves. Into the *Imu* are

placed many stones about the size of a baseball, which have been heated to a white heat. The first ingredient to be put into the *Imu* (after the lining,

relining, and hot stones) is a fat pig sans hair, entrails, and squeal but otherwise in the altogether; that is, complete with head, ears, snout, tail, legs and feet. It looks just as much like bacon on the hoof as many a blue-ribbon pig at a county fair, only a lot fatter and more contented, as many of the hot stones are packed inside the belly of the pig. Then the whole is wrapped in chicken wire to preserve all the dainty curves of the fat pig when it is exhumed for the feast.

The next ingredients are fish and chicken. They are wrapped in stripped taro tops, and then made into a huge bundle with *ti* leaves and gunny bags. Scattered over the whole shebang are many, many bananas, breadfruits, and sweet potatoes. Then *ti* leaves and gunny bags are laid over all this and the hole filled with earth so that, during the cooking, all one sees of the oven is a large mound.

It requires about four hours for everything to cook properly. Then the men in charge begin the unveiling of the monument of all feasts. First the earth is scraped away with shovels and the onlookers actually begin to drool, as the most tantalizing of all aromas of food wafts up from under the burlap. But the burlap is much too hot to touch, so the waiters and chefs have to douse their hands in cold water each time they take something from the *Imu*.

AT LAST the food is disclosed in its delicious splendor. The pig, a masterpiece of culinary art, and the pièce de résistance of the *Luau*, is steaming with goodness and done to a turn. The *Luau* is emitting all kinds of aroma—a delicate mixture of chicken, fish, bananas, and breadfruits. The sweet potatoes are crackly, and the bananas have split their golden jackets and show themselves bright yellow and soft inside.

The food is placed on huge platters and everyone marches, weak and famished, to the table. The table is simply *ti* leaves spread on the ground, and decorated most beautifully with giant pineapples. You edge as close as possible and get set for eating yourself into a complete stupor, for to be a successful *Luau* diner, you must be unable to walk when the feast is finished.

On the table there is also a great deal of food not *Imu*-cooked. The giant pineapples line the center, and by each place are individual dishes

of *haupia*, *kulolo*, *poi*, *lomi-lomi*, and crab. *Haupia* is a delicious pure white pudding made from coconut. *Kulolo* is a pasty loaf made from both toro and coconut, and it tastes superb. *Poi*, the famous culinary stumbling block for many a *mali-hini*, is made from the toro root. It is a thick gray paste, delicious to those reared on the island, and very, very horrible to the guests who have never tried it before.

Lomi-lomi is simply salmon which has been kneaded to softness, mixed with raw onions and tomatoes, and served very cold. You might find this combination or its counterpart as salmon salad back in the States. The crabs are whole save that their shells have been cracked. There are both small shallow-water crabs and the huge Samoan crabs.

On one dish (comparable to a relish dish in the States) is a little bit of everything; *inamona* (roasted Kukui nuts); *limu* (plain old seaweed); Hawaiian salt, which is the gayest red orange you ever saw; a little piece of squid (tough as can be but very delicious if you can chew it); and two or three stalks of green onions.

The best authorities on *Luau* eating would squat cross-legged before the giant display of foods and attack it with cries of delight.

"Mum! Ono!" rings in throaty screeches and cries to the heavens. For those not in the know, it's the native expression for "Delicious—um, good!"

Can A Socialist Be An Anti-Communist?

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

ONE of the truly comic exhibits of our times is that of the nation's Socialists frantically running away from their own name.

Lifelong and class-war-hardened Socialists give the cold and stony stare when asked about their alignment and declare themselves "liberals" or "progressives" or even "New Dealers." The Socialist who frankly admits his identity nowadays is a rare specimen. He is apt to be a Trotskyite or an addict of one of the more dedicated collectivist sects. The practical-minded, go-getter Socialist who wants to go places politically is marching today with McCarthy and Brownell and Jenner in the anti-Communist army.

True, he has his own left wing division in that army, and he spends more time abusing McCarthy than exposing Communists, but still he is an "anti-Communist."

A case in point is Americans for Democratic Action, unquestionably the most influential political body now working for Socialist ends in America. Behind the figureheads like Francis Biddle who front for ADA, the controlling hands in the

organization since the beginning have been the two former Socialist Party members, Walter P. Reuther and David Dubinsky. The organization has been a catchall for most of the footloose Socialists now at large. And yet a careful reading of *ADA World*, its official monthly, or of the garrulous Reutherized statements that it so frequently issues, would give the reader no hint that what ADA was advocating was a watered-down Socialism. By a sort of gentlemen's agreement with reporters and correspondents who cover the organization, ADA is always described as an "anti-Communist organization" in press mention.

It is a confusing and bemusing political situation when individuals at the polar opposites of American politics all call themselves by the same name. It is also extremely good politics on the part of the Socialist old-timers.

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, writing his involuted social gospel theorizings for the church press, finds himself no longer isolated with the Fellowship of Reconciliation or with the American Student Union: his

writings now are featured in the slicks and he has become a personage in the Ford Foundation and in UNESCO. Roger N. Baldwin, after years of unrecognized labors defending Socialists and Communists, puts on the anti-Communist regalia and, presto, he is transformed into an adviser to General MacArthur in Japan, a consultant to the United Nations, and the subject of a two-decker profile in the *New Yorker*. Paul R. Porter, after a lifetime of obscurity as editor of a labor-Socialist paper in Kenosha, Wisconsin, becomes an anti-Communist and reappears near the W. Averill Harriman throne as Deputy for Economic Affairs of MSA. J. Donald Kingsley, after an unrecognized career as an academic radical, becomes an anti-Communist and rises dizzily to such offices as Assistant Federal Security Administrator and Director of the UN Rehabilitation Commission.

We could extend the list, but the effect would be the same. Anti-Communism has been an extremely rewarding career for many ambitious Socialists.

OF COURSE, no one would begrudge these emoluments if there was assurance that the recipients were actual anti-Communists, or were doing an actual anti-Communist job. Ex-Communists and ex-Socialists constitute some of our most zealous and hard-hitting anti-Reds.

What distinguishes the first group

from the second is that the first have never publicly repudiated Socialism, while the second have.

Anyone who has ever held the hard, absolutist dogma of Marxian Socialism knows that one does not escape from this mind-trap without an extremely painful wrench. The man who has purged Socialism out of his system is such a radically changed man that he does not act like a Socialist thereafter. If his conversion from Socialism is genuine, he wants to tell his fellow-Americans the reasons for his change of faith. He finds himself inescapably becoming a proselyter for free enterprise, whether he intended it that way in the beginning or not.

A memorable name in Socialism is that of John Spargo. Mr. Spargo was a much more important figure in the Socialist Party, in his time, than any of the individuals above cited. When he broke with the party in 1917 over the St. Louis anti-war resolution, he did not immediately break with Socialism. He continued to write and lecture brilliantly as a Socialist until 1924, or thereabouts, when he officially became a Republican. But having lost his faith in Socialism, he did not continue to linger in an ideological no-man's land — ready to leap back to Socialism if expediency dictated. He did what any honorable man would do: he made a public statement declaring that he no longer believed in Socialism and, at the same time, threw the weight of his personal in-

fluence and prestige behind capitalism — something which the more recent crop of ex-Socialists are conspicuously unwilling to do. He burned his Socialist bridges behind him.

UNTIL the Reuthers, the Niebuhrs and the George S. Counts take the courageous step that Mr. Spargo took, the genuineness of their anti-Communism will remain a moot question to many. For in order to repudiate Communism, without reservation, one must also be willing to repudiate Socialism. So long as one entertains a belief in the basic tenets and postulates of Socialism, his feet are still half-way in the Communist camp.

Thus, it is not accident that ADA, while shrilling its anti-Communism, is presently engaged in a campaign to shrink the power of the FBI, and to abolish outright the Committee on Un-American Activities and the Smith Act — thus striking simultaneously at our three most effective government weapons against the Communists.

It is not happenstance that the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, now coasting on the momentum of its one achievement — the disruption of the Waldorf-Astoria Red peace congress of 1949 — is currently devoting its energies to a furious smearing of Joe McCarthy and to a defense of James A. Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post*, against the hard-hitting truth-tell-

ing of Walter Winchell. The Committee, as is well known, is headed by the ex-intellectual-Communist, Sidney Hook, and numbers among its leaders such facing-both-ways notables as Reinhold Niebuhr, Roger N. Baldwin, George S. Counts, Francis Biddle, James A. Wechsler, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (who has redefined Socialism as the "Vital Center") and Irwin Shaw (who has redefined it as the "Mixed Economy").

AMERICANS must face the painful fact that the Socialists and the pseudo-Socialists are dubious material out of which to construct an anti-Communist crusade which will stick. The point is an important one because, during the Truman administration, major emphasis was placed in the ECA, and in State Department policies upon the strategy of using European Social Democrats as the favored protégés of the United States to spearhead the resistance to the Communists. Schumacher and Reuter in East Germany, Saragat in Italy, Mayer in France and the whole Social Democratic apparatus of the International Federation of Free Trade Unions were the beneficiaries of flattering American attention and aid. Some of this aid paid dividends, notably the labor-wise activities directed in Europe by Irving Brown and the American Federation of Labor. As a long-range program, however, the strategy was full of very risky "if's."

The historic record of the Socialists in Europe, since the war, is damning evidence of the explosives which underly a policy of depending upon Socialists to man the anti-Communist dikes. The most tragic instance was the fall of Czechoslovakia. While many mischances converged to produce the ghastly climax of February, 1948, the treachery of the Social Democrats to the Free World was the decisive factor. The Social Democrats could have saved Czechoslovakia. Instead, the principal leaders of their party conspired with the Communists to deliver the country.

The decisive event in Czechoslovakia which brought the Communist seizure was the withdrawal of the twelve non-Communists from the Gottwald coalition cabinet to produce a parliamentary crisis which would block Red plans to steal the May parliamentary elections. The crisis found the Social Democrats split into two factions, one headed by Zdenek Fierlinger, who favored a pro-Moscow Socialist policy, and the other headed by Bohumir Lausman, party chairman, who was ostensibly opposed to Fierlinger's collaborationism. The one heroic Socialist figure who emerged in the crisis was Vaclav Majer, Minister of Food, who insisted upon resigning from the cabinet with the other twelve. Fierlinger bitterly opposed Majer, but when the latter turned to Party Chairman Lausman for expected support, he discovered to

his despair that in the emergency, Lausman had joined forces with Fierlinger. Together, Fierlinger and Lausman called a meeting of the party executive committee and drove through a resolution forbidding Majer to resign. The Social Democrats remained in the cabinet with Gottwald and helped him institute a Red regime in the nation. Fierlinger was even rewarded by a seat in the new Communist cabinet after the coup d'etat.

THE RECORD in Italy, the weakest link in the NATO organization, is an equally black one for the Socialists. Instead of aiding the anti-Communist forces to combat the powerful Togliatti-led Italian Communist Party, Italy's Socialist Party, under the leadership of Pietro Nenni, formed a coalition with the Communists, and have voted with them consistently in parliamentary divisions. A minority of the Socialists under Saragat seceded to form an anti-Red Socialist caucus, but only a disappointing number of party members followed them. In the 1953 Chamber elections, Nenni's pro-Communist Socialists polled 3,440,222 votes and elected 75 deputies. If Italy goes under to the Communists, as some apprehend, it will have been the Italian Socialists who will have made the debacle possible.

While in France, West Germany, and Great Britain the Socialist record is cleaner, there are vast lacunae in the Socialist movements of those

countries which are influenced by Communism. An instance is the following of the powerful Aneurin Bevan in the British Labor Party. Bevan, who is likely to be a future British Socialist Prime Minister, was once expelled briefly from the party for signing a manifesto calling for a united front with the Communists. His present important faction of the Labor Party has paralyzed anti-Communist initiative by Attlee and other middle-of-the-road Socialists by opposing the Korean War, demanding the seating of Red China in the UN, and urging another conference (with Yalta implications) with Moscow.

But, it will be argued, American Socialists are different. European precedents cannot guide us in forecasting their anti-Communist procedure.

The argument, when examined, does not wash. Actually, the record of American Socialism vis-à-vis the Communists is one of the most vacillating and uninspiring in the international chronicles of Socialism.

What is too frequently forgotten by those who attempt invidious distinctions between American Socialists and Communists is that the Communists are the Adam's rib of the Socialists. The Communist Party was the product of the secession of the majority of the membership of the old Socialist Party in 1919. The pro-Russian faction actually captured the machinery of the party in most of our states and was on the

way to affiliation of the Socialist Party with Lenin's Communist International when a disastrous split among the left-wing leaders delivered the 1919 convention to the right wing and forced the formation of a new Communist Party (two of them, at first). These facts are now distant history, but they should be recalled by those who think of Socialists and Communists as separate and immiscible political entities. Historically, they are both branches of the same ideological tree.

THE EVENTS of 1919 would have less reference to the Socialists of today were it not for the fact that on two subsequent occasions, the remaining right wing of the Socialist Party has made overt gestures of alliance to the Communists, in each case only to suffer a humiliating rebuff.

The first of these instances occurred in 1921 when the remaining Socialist Party actually made application to the Communist International that it be recognized, instead of the new Communist Party, as the American affiliate of the international Communist body. Moscow, then in the grip of doctrinaires, rejected this overture by setting up a long list of impossible terms with which the American Socialists must comply, to be accepted.

The second instance came in 1934, when the so-called "militant" faction of the Socialist Party, headed by Reinhold Niebuhr and sup-

ported by Norman Thomas, won control of the party convention. The "militant" faction was dedicated to the policy of inviting a united front with the Communists. This Socialist wooing of the Communists came to nought when the Communists met it by their "United Front From Below" turn, and it reached its climax in a Madison Square Garden joint demonstration where the Communists violently barred the platform to the Socialists.

But even after these rebuffs, the Socialists actually entered a united front with the Communists in the State of New York in the American Labor Party in 1936. For eight years, until 1944, the New York Socialists and Communists collaborated politically in New York, under the encouragement of Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia, who himself enrolled as an American Labor Party member. The policy bore fruit for the Socialists in the election of Harry W. Laidler and Mrs. Gertrude Weil Klein to the City Council, and of Matthew M. Levy, Charles Solomon and Jacob Panken to the bench. It ended when the Communists, with Sidney Hillman's assist, won control of the city-wide ALP and froze the Socialists out. The latter then proceeded to launch their own Liberal Party.

These twists and turns of the Socialist mind may betoken nothing more culpable than a natural political desire to further the Socialist main chance. But they also reveal

an appalling lack of American-mindedness in the face of the self-proclaimed Communist conspiracy to subvert the nation. A Socialist mind which abhorred the aims of Kremlinism could not voluntarily contemplate alliance with the Kremlin's American stooges.

There are many admirable men and women who have once believed in Socialism who are enlisted in the anti-Communist struggle. But they are not to be found among the vaunted "liberals" who engrossedly watch the public opinion barometer to make certain that they are not left behind in the long swings between Socialism and free capitalism. They are not to be found among those who clutch desperately to their Socialist-Communist landmarks to be certain that they can become American Fierlingers and Nennis when, if ever, the Kremlin hour strikes.

Earl Browder has uttered a vast deal of nonsense but on one occasion he spoke with rare candor. Debating Norman Thomas in New York on November 27, 1935, Browder said the definitive thing about Socialism-Communism. "What is our fundamental point of agreement?", he asked. "It is that we both want to abolish capitalism; we both want to establish Socialism."

As long as Socialists and Communists share this common goal, the anti-Communism of the Socialists will be an irresolute and indecisive thing.



The Great Post Office

SNAFU

By WILLIAM BANCROFT MELLOR

TO MOST AMERICANS, the "Time of the Big Blizzard" was 1888, but to a lot of old post office employees the phrase refers only to 1916.

That was the year when the rural "Star Routes" which served one of the last pioneer areas in the West were literally snowed under by an avalanche of parcel post such as had never been seen before and hasn't been since.

That was the year the settlers of the broad Uintah Basin in north-eastern Utah called upon Uncle Sam to transport entire crops of hay and grain; bulky farm and well-drilling equipment; and even a two-story brick building — all by parcel post.

The Star Route carriers did the job, though their solid-tired trucks groaned under the heavy loads and their four- and six-horse teams broke down along the rough trails.

But when the job was done, the

Post Office Department at Washington put its official foot down. It decreed that thenceforth no parcel post consignment which weighed a total of more than 200 pounds would be accepted for delivery to one consignee if he lived on a Star Route. And to this day you can't mail more than that limit in one 24-hour period to anyone on a rural postal route.

Horace Coltharp was the cause of it all. He was the one who thought up the idea of mailing the bank building.

Coltharp is a tall, lanky cattleman with a big "spread" at Hayden, Utah, now, but in those days he operated a store in Vernal, a bustling little town which nestles in the lush green basin just east of the Uintah Mountains.

He sold clothing, hardware, farm implements, well-drilling muds, stockmen's supplies and just about

everything that the residents used.

He was also a director of the Bank of Vernal — which was what started all the trouble.

Coltharp's bank had offices upstairs, which it rented to the Ashley National Forest Office and to a group of Vernal physicians. But a new banking institution, the Uintah State Bank, put up a new building and lured Coltharp's tenants away.

VERNAL, one of the last spots in the West to be settled, was a rough-and-ready town even as late as 1916, and Horace Coltharp was not one to tolerate this piracy.

Without a moment's hesitation, he called in a firm of house wreckers, had them pull down the building which housed the venerable Coltharp Mercantile Company, and announced that he was going to put up a new building for the Bank of Vernal on the site of the store.

It was the best business site in town, and Coltharp, tipping back his sombrero, allowed as how the new structure was going to be the best that money could buy.

The rival bank was being built of local bricks, at that time an inferior type which had to be covered with stucco to keep the rain from melting them, but Coltharp decided the new Bank of Vernal would be faced with Salt Lake City brick, which was impervious to the weather.

The Uintah Basin then, as now, had no railroad. Although it is an area roughly the size of Connecti-

cut, supporting a dozen good-sized communities, it was served entirely by wagons drawn by horses and mules and, later, motor trucks.

In those days, it was a rugged trip from the nearest railroad, and freight charges were high.

The teamsters wanted \$2.75 a hundred pounds to haul Coltharp's 20,000 bricks up the mountain from the railroad station at Price, Utah, across the Colorado Plateau, and down another perilous mountain trail to the flatlands of the Basin. And that didn't include the rail freight charge from Salt Lake to Price, a distance of about 100 miles. The total, Coltharp thought, was prohibitive.

THEN the merchant hit on the idea of shipping the bricks parcel post. Mail between Salt Lake and Vernal traveled 406 miles by standard gauge railroad, then narrow gauge, and finally, for the last leg of the journey, by automobile and truck. But the distance between the two communities as the crow flies was only 120 miles; so the second-zone postage rate — then five cents for the first pound and one cent for each additional pound — applied. The total came to only a fraction of the freight charge.

So Coltharp went to Salt Lake, ordered the bricks and had them individually wrapped in paper and packed, in lots of five, in wooden crates. Then he rode along to make sure they traveled safely.

The first part of the trip was made by way of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to Mack, Colorado, a junction town whose station was perched on a hill. Because of the steep grade, it was customary for the trains to keep right on moving while going through Mack, and any passengers who wanted to disembark had to jump for it. Freight was similarly dumped on the fly.

Coltharp, however, had taken an undignified header on his last trip, and he didn't intend to repeat the performance; so he demanded of the conductor that the train be brought to a full stop this time.

"Don't worry!" returned that worthy, with some heat. "We *have* to stop this time, because some crazy s.o.b. has shipped a whole brickyard on this train, and we have to unload it here."

At Mack, the bricks were transferred to the little cars of the Uintah Railway Company, which puffed with them the 63 miles up to Watson, where they were delivered into the care of the amazed postmistress, Edna Heaton.

There was only one truck available for the 65-mile trip to Vernal — a six-hour journey over a rough dirt road which resembled an obstacle course more than a highway. But Mrs. Heaton had it loaded with all the bricks it would carry, sent it on its way, and then called in all the available horse and mule teams.

It was quite a movement, getting

that embryo bank building to Vernal.

THE NEW building, a structure 66 feet wide by 100 feet deep and 28 feet high, became a landmark before it was finished. Everyone stopped to gawk at the bank that came by mail. And word of Coltharp's strategy in outwitting the teamsters spread like wildfire. Soon everybody was using parcel post for shipments of every kind.

Crops went out through the mails, wrapped, like the bricks, in small parcels. At shearing time, the sheepmen shipped their bulky bales of fleeces the same way. And 100,000 sheep make quite a stack of wool. Farmers ordered heavy equipment to be shipped from the manufacturing centers by parcel post, partly disassembled to bring the packages within the Post Office Department's minimum dimensions. Everything went parcel post — and drivers on the Star Route went to pieces.

So in the Postal Bulletin of November 7, 1916, there appeared a notice that "hereafter when more than 200 pounds of merchandise, other than perishable matter, are offered for mailing by one sender to one addressee on the same day . . . postmasters shall, in every instance, before accepting such shipments, notify the Second Assistant and await instructions."

The instructions, after that, were "No."



Sound on Disc



"MUSIC, when soft voices die," Shelley wrote before the invention of the phonograph, "vibrates in the memory." Electronics today has given memory an assist — and each month seems to bring with it another recording company which sets out to amplify voices which the world has not heard for centuries. Among the latest entries is Angel Records — the American outlet for E.M.I., a great British combine of recording interests. Angel is an ancient and honorable label, current when His Master's Voice's pup was really a pup. And the new product does right by the old recording Angel. The new company has achieved about the smartest and most effective job of packaging and promotion that these weary eyes have seen in many a year.

The new product comes in a deluxe album, at normal LP prices, wrapped in cellophane to ensure a mint copy, in a sleeve designed to be most useful in finding the record on its shelf and in extracting it for playing. The same record, in an ordinary sleeve, with no program notes, retails for a dollar less. The

final test, of course, is what the recording Angel has etched into the record face. And so far, the test has been passed. In building up its catalogue, for example, Angel has given honorable place to Cherubini's *Requiem*, Beethoven's *Eroica Symphony*, the Fauré *Requiem*, T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, and such sidebar items as an album of *Military French Music* played by the Band of La Garde Republicaine of Paris.

The Fauré *Funeral Mass* is well known to Americans. In an excellent performance by Les Chanteurs de Saint-Eustache conducted by André Cluytens, the solemn and reflective pages of the score evoke the composer's serene faith in God's mercy to departed souls. None of the turbulence or the challenge of Judgment proclaimed in the masses of Berlioz and Verdi resound in this score. The Cherubini mass, written some hundred years before, is marked by a somber placidity of form — what Berlioz called a "sustained sublimity of style." This is a first performance of a work by one who has been too long considered a com-

poser's composer. Carlo Maria Giulini and the Santa Cecilia Orchestra and Chorus lay bare a living tissue of sound, a music which though studied is still not academic. I recommend it highly, as I recommend the Angel Fauré above others now on the lists.

The sumptuous contrapuntal texture, the movingly intertwined melodic patterns, and the unfailing inventiveness of Henry Purcell's *Fantasias* and *Trio Sonatas* were not too pleasing, we are told, to the Restoration Court, which preferred the catches and glees he wrote — many of them too bawdy today for general circulation. But aside from some lovely vocal settings and the opera *Dido and Aeneas*, it is the *Trio Sonatas* which give us the measure of Purcell's great genius. Period has issued seven of them, played sensitively and recorded with faithful clarity, including the justly famous *Golden Sonata*.

LISTENING in the quiet of night to this music, it is difficult to understand why this last, great voice of England should be so little heard today. His contemporaries recognized his worth, as an *Ode on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell* (by John Blow to words by John Dryden) will amply testify. It has been recorded on an Esoteric disc by the New York Pro Musica Antiqua — along with some of Purcell's gentler songs and instrumental works. Blow had been Purcell's teacher but never his master,

and he was not helped by Dryden's overly extravagant verses. But the *Ode* is a prime example of the seventeenth century occasional music. The Purcell works, moreover, sustain the tariff. The performance is loving, the recording up to discriminating, high standards.

Of an earlier, more robust, but less finely tuned era are a series of Elizabethan *Madrigals*, *Canzonets*, *Ballets* by Thomas Morley. The somewhat fluffy music and carelessly mannered lyrics are handily done by the Primavera Singers for Esoteric. They exemplify so well the discerning description of the Elizabethan age as one of "kindly lust." The "pinching and teasing" of Purcell's time has a raw edge compared with Morley's quietly burning lovers.

Period has issued on one LP a selection of verses by the three nineteenth century poets who have had the greatest influence on today's writing — Verlaine, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé. The determined decadence of their writing was the last spasm of sensibility before poetry succumbed to an aggressive modernism. Those who love the sound of French well spoken will enjoy these readings. But they will miss the grand manner and the authentic flavor of other Period recordings of French classics done by actors from the Comédie Française. There is an introduction and commentary to each poem by Georges Guy, who teaches French literature at Hunter College.

R. DE T.



HAS THE ARMY



Lost Its Soul?

By MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

IT'S ABOUT TIME for the people of this country to make up their minds whether they want a reliable fighting army or a uniformed bureaucracy. They cannot have both. The strength of an army — its soul, for that matter — resides in its fighting units.

The central objective to which all planning at the highest level should be directed is the production and preservation of these fighting units: the regiments and separate battalions of infantry, artillery, armored troops, and engineers upon whose prideful performance in the hour of peril the safety of the nation is staked.

Instead, the central objective as of now appears to be the gathering of all the threads of power into the hands of a centralized administration in the Pentagon. Everything is done according to a system devised by bright minds at the seat of authority.

Smaller and smaller grows the scope for initiative, for the exercise of individual responsibility by regimental, battalion, company, and battery commanders, let alone lieutenants.

From corporals to colonels, the men whose main job is to train fighting soldiers and forge them into fighting units find themselves instead mere cogs in the vast machinery of the "system."

Personnel management, mess management, training, discipline — the system does them all, under the direction of unseen and unknown efficiency experts far off beyond the dim horizon — the gods of the system, to whom daily and hourly obeisance must be made in the form of sheaves of reports in quintuplicate.

It's gotten to the point where the attitude is clearly discernible in some quarters of the Pentagon that the combat units exist to be the servants of the administrative sys-

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tem. And don't think the men in the combat units don't get the drift. Something has got to be done about this, or we won't have any combat units worth mentioning, much less worth throwing into battle against a determined and dangerous enemy.

The Army, like the rest of the armed forces, is now settling down for the long pull. For the first time in our history, the Armed Forces Reserve Act gives prospect of building up a real Army Reserve. Indefinite extension of Selective Service seems certain.

The Army has here a special responsibility to the nation, for it will get the bulk of the drafted men as long as the option of voluntary enlistment for all three services continues to be maintained. What is the Army going to do with these young men? What it does now isn't too inspiring. The system takes hold of them from the very outset — the formless, faceless, impersonal system. They are processed, classified, assigned to a training unit — among strangers. They never get to feel any sense of identity or belonging — what's the use? They won't be there long.

Completing their basic training, they go (the combat soldiers) for the most part to Europe or Korea. They travel with strangers. They are assigned to a unit in which they are strangers.

But somehow they do begin to fit — and then their time is up and they're rotated back to the States,

assigned somewhere or other (any old where) to fill out their last few weeks, processed again, released from active duty.

But then comes the Reserve tour. Join the National Guard, a home-town outfit? "Ha," says the soldier. "I've seen those National Guard outfits overseas. When they need 'em, they call 'em into Federal service, tear 'em to pieces, scatter the home-town boys to the four winds of Heaven. Don't give me this 'serve with your neighbors' stuff."

So it's a fair bet that the bulk of our new Reservists will rock along, being called up for training (with strangers) when they can't get out of it, and longing for the day when they're freed at last of the clutches of a system that hasn't learned how to treat them like soldiers.

Loyalty? Of course they're loyal — to their country and all it stands for. But how can they be expected to be loyal to an army that remains just a far-off faceless Something with which they never really come in contact? They know well enough that the men who command them are just the servants of the system.

THERE'S an answer to this problem. It's an answer which the British, the French, and the Germans have long understood. It's an answer which Alexander found when he created the first truly organized army of history. It's an answer that held the world in fief for Rome.

The answer is simply — don't try

to build an army out of men. Weld the men into *teams* — regiments, battalions — and then put those teams together to form your army. Build the spirit of your army not on slogans but on the sound basis of team spirit, unit pride.

Your units must not be just numbers on a list, to be changed and shifted, abolished and recreated at the whim of someone behind a desk. They must be imperishable. "Men die; the Regiment lives."

No army in the world has done this as thoroughly — and with as good results — as the British. Not very long ago, a battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment fought literally to the last man in Korea. That battalion was the old 28th Foot.

To this day they wear their cap badges front and back to remind them of the day in 1801, on the beach near Alexandria, when they were attacked front and rear by French cavalry. "Rear rank, about face!" cried their colonel — and they fought there back to back till reinforcements came.

At Quatre Bras in 1815, Sir Thomas Picton led them in a charge that broke Ney's lines — "Come on, 28th! Remember Egypt!" Do you think the men who fought in Korea had forgotten these past glories or that they would do anything to dim them?

Every recruit is taught the regimental history — shown the colors and trophies — when first he joins

the depot for training. Every time he has to polish two cap badges instead of one, he remembers why he wears them. Silly? Yes — to a civilian efficiency expert. You'll look a long way for the experienced soldier who'll think it silly.

OR TAKE the Middlesex Regiment, known throughout the British Army as the Die-Hards. Why? At Albuera, in 1811 (they were then the 57th Foot), they were fighting off three times their numbers of Napoleon's veterans. Colonel Inglis, mortally wounded, cried again and again with his dying breaths: "Die hard, 57th! Die hard!" They did. They went into that fight over 600 strong; they came out with 116 unwounded men.

And in 1917, in the formless mud of a Flanders battlefield, I was leading a combat patrol trying to establish touch with the flank of a British division on our right. Its flank battalion was of the Middlesex Regiment. I came at last upon a lance-corporal and three privates of the Middlesex in a mudhole. The privates were dead, the NCO dying.

But there were some dead Germans scattered in the mud, too, and the flank had held. The lance-corporal lifted himself on one elbow: "We died 'ard, sir," said he with his dying breath — like his long-ago colonel at Albuera.

Same spirit. Bequeathed down the ages. And still putting into soldiers' hearts that last ounce of grim devo-

tion that wins — wins — wins when the slide rules would say that, by all the percentages, the fight's lost.

Recognizing the supreme importance of this unit spirit, this regimental pride, the British Army takes the utmost care to preserve it. When a soldier enlists or is drafted into the British Army, he joins a regiment. In that regiment he stays during all his service, active and reserve, unless he himself applies for transfer to another corps. He has "a home in the army," a place where he belongs.

He is presented to the colors — the meaning of the battle honors borne on them are explained to him. He learns the regimental motto — and the reason for it.

THE French do this sort of thing too. When the French Army was being rebuilt after World War II the oldest regiments with the most honored traditions were chosen as the first to receive modern weapons and become the "covering force" on the frontier.

I remember the colonel of the 93rd Infantry of the Line telling me of a recruit at his first parade being presented to the colors. When the NCO who was explaining the battle honors came to "La Moskowa, 1812" this lad could not contain himself. "Moscow, eh?" he burst out. "Why, if we've been there once we can go there again if we have to!"

And what does the United States Army do about all this sort of thing?

Little or nothing. The Marines have the gift of it. They cherish their honored memories and their honored dead. The dying switchboard operator on Midway, who stuck at his post with shattered legs and kept the communication system going amid the falling bombs, said it all when his colonel tried to tell him he'd done well. "Hell, Colonel," said he in some surprise, "we're Marines, ain't we?"

The National Guard tries hard to keep up unit pride and spirit, but when they're called into Federal service the system breaks all that up in a hurry.

The idea of a soldier serving out his full period of active and reserve service in just one regiment wouldn't fit "the finest personnel system in the world." It might introduce undesirable complications. It might also give men something to live and die for that they can't get from any personnel system. But you couldn't plot a curve to prove it.

I suppose one of the reasons we don't go in for this sort of thing — traditions, regimental identities — is because of a queer feeling that they're somehow foreign and "un-American." Yet American soldiers react to them like any other soldiers.

The late Col. John W. Thomason — himself a Marine, and therefore knowledgeable on these matters — tells how two officers of the Texas Brigade protested to President Jefferson Davis:

"They tell us, Suh, in our camp,

that the War Department is getting ready to issue an order to take away our State name — to break us up and mix us around, and to number us by regiments and brigades and divisions like any bunch of conscripts brought in by a posse!

“Mr. President, the Texas Brigade came up here in the summer of 1861. Right after Manassas, we popped our first caps at Ethan’s Landing. We was the boys that broke the line at Gaines’s Mill. Second Manassas, Mr. President!

“We have our battle flags that our women gave us, Mr. President. They are Texas flags. Texas ladies made them. Texas boys fought under them. Those names I named you, they are on those flags. Will you take ’em away from us, an’ give us a number in place of them? And a number in place of our Texas name?”

“Mr. President, we Texans have obeyed orders. We aim to keep on fighting while the war lasts. But, Mr. President, we are the Texas Brigade, an’ so we will remain —.”

That’s the whole story in a nutshell.

WE HAVE been learning and unlearning this lesson for 180 years. We can apply it now, as we set our hands to the great task of establishing a permanent system of military service for the protection of this nation in troubled times. We can build our regiments — permanent, indestructible regiments — based

on the traditions of a glorious past, drawing upon the spirits of the men who suffered at Valley Forge, who stormed the British guns at Lundy’s Lane, who planted the scaling ladders against the walls of Chapultepec, who fought through the long years of 1861–1865, and of World Wars I and II — and those who have added new luster to their arms in Korea.

Having reclaimed these traditions and built our regiments, we can then build from them an army in which every combat soldier will have a sense of belonging — a loyalty that he can feel and understand.

He can train, not in some faceless training division, but at the depot of his own regiment. He can go overseas to join it — not as an item in a package of groceries tied up with a string, but as a draft of *the* Regiment, going to join his own.

Sure, there’d be difficulties. You’d have to recruit your regiments from a single defined area, for one thing, and station the regimental depot in that area. You’d have some transfers, because of men moving to other areas. It could get complicated.

As one officer writes, “Anything human would be bound to be. But it would retain that precious feeling of mutual confidence that makes men fight. It would make the combat arms feel that the Army considered them important, and worth some trouble. . . . Men, and especially soldiers, don’t live or die for bread alone.”

Mysteries of the SEA



BY TREVOR HOLLOWAY

ON OCTOBER 4, 1848, Her Majesty's Frigate *Daedalus* arrived at Plymouth from the East Indies. Strange stories began to circulate. Rumor had it that on her way, the vessel had encountered a huge sea serpent of terrifying appearance — the kind of creature that should have been extinct thousands of years ago, if it had ever existed at all.

Admiral Sir William Gaze, who was in charge of Devonport at that time, chuckled to himself. He'd heard of sailors sighting mermaids, of ghost ships that sailed against the wind, and a good many other travelers' tales on similar lines — but *sea serpents!* Fiddlesticks and poppycock!

But was it? The *Times* was not the sort of paper to publish tales of sea serpents lightly, and to his amazement Sir William found the *Daedalus* incident reported in detail in that highly respected paper, dated October 10. He promptly dispatched a note to the captain of the vessel, which was then at anchor in the estuary of the River Tamar.

Captain Peter M'Quhae replied:

Sir — I have the honour to acquaint you that at 5 o'clock P.M. on the 6th August last, in Lat. $22^{\circ} 44'$ S. and Long. $9^{\circ} 22'$ E., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, Midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam.

On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous sea serpent with head and shoulders kept about 4 feet constantly above the surface of the sea. There was at the very least 60 feet of the animal, no portion of which was, to our perception, used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation.

It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter that had it been a man of my acquaintance I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye. It did not deviate in the slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of 12 to 15 miles per hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

The diameter of the serpent was about 15 or 16 inches behind the head, which was, without any doubt, that of a snake; and it was never, during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses, once

below the surface of the water. Its colour was a dark brown, with yellowish-white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather, a bunch of seaweed washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain's mate and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and other officers. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, Peter M'Quhae, Captain.

So much for the serpent seen by the *Daedalus*. But just one story is not much proof that they really do exist. If space permitted, a dozen or more stories, all of which have been duly recorded in ships' logs, could be quoted. There was the serpent seen by the crew of the Royal Yacht *Osborne* off the coast of Sicily on June 2, 1877.

Lieutenant Haynes described it as being about 180 feet in length, with a bullet-shaped head fully six feet thick, while along its back was a series of sharply pointed fins. This particular monster appeared to propel itself along with the aid of two large flappers, which gave it a curious rolling motion.

And what, if not a sea serpent, was the strange creature seen and logged by Captain Cringle, of the steamship *Umfuli*, off the Canary Islands in 1893? Here is the entry from the *Umfuli's* log which records the incident:

Sighted and passed about 500 yards from the ship, a monster fish of serpentine shape, about 80 feet

long with a shining skin, short fins about 20 feet apart on the back, and in circumference about the dimensions of a fully-sized whale. I distinctly saw the fish's mouth open and shut through my glasses. The jaw appeared to be about 7 feet long with sharp teeth. In shape it was just like a conger eel.

For twenty minutes the *Umfuli* gave chase, but at fourteen knots it failed to catch up with the creature. At one time the serpent was seen to raise its long neck fully fifteen feet clear of the water.

SO MUCH for sea serpents. Now to another and equally intriguing topic — phantom ships. Stuff and nonsense? At one time the writer would have said "Yes," quite definitely. Now? To be quite frank, I'd take more convincing that they *didn't* exist than I should that they *did*. For one thing, many of the stories told about ghost ships have come from high-ranking naval officers — men who don't usually suffer from jitters and whose words I for one don't propose to question. However, you shall judge for yourself.

Maybe you've heard of the weird experience which befell H.M.S. *Bacchante* in 1881. Here is an extract from her log, written by the Captain himself:

At 4 A.M. she crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the broken masts, spars, and torn sails of a brig, 200 yards distant, stood

out in strong relief as she came up with us.

The lookout man on our fo'c'sle reported her as close to the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the fo'c'sle, but on arriving there no vestige, nor any sign whatever, of any *material* ship could be seen. The night was clear and the sea calm.

A few hours later a young cadet knocked on the Captain's door, asking if he might be granted permission to copy the entry from the log into his private diary. That young cadet was none other than the late King George V, who, accompanied by his brother, the late Duke of Clarence, was on an extended voyage aboard the *Bacchante*.

DURING the war, the Bay of Casco, Maine, was heavily mined. Back in the days of sail, it was from this bay that a wooden ship set out on the China run. Many months passed and she did not return. Then, one misty night in late autumn, her sails stained and tattered, she drove madly into the harbor, turned, and went out again. This strange performance has been repeated on more than one occasion, the last being shortly after the war.

It was late afternoon. A Coast Guard lookout aboard a schooner patrolling the still-heavily-mined bay suddenly gave a frantic warning shout to the man at the wheel. He

swung hard over and as soon as the schooner bore away, a full-rigged ship glided swiftly by and vanished in the mist. She was heading full-tilt into the mine barrier!

But no explosion came. All was still and peaceful. The nearest radar station stoutly asserted that its instruments had detected nothing. Therefore, if there *are* such things as phantom ships, it is obviously no use trying to lay them with the latest detectors that science has produced!

One foggy day in 1945, the 5,438-ton freighter *Winding Gulf* was groping her way slowly towards Boston, Massachusetts, her siren sounding a warning every two minutes. Suddenly, at terrifying speed, a vague, shimmering shape bore down upon the *Winding Gulf* from out of the swirling mist. With terrific impact the two vessels gave each other a glancing blow, their plates grinding together with a sickening, crunching sound. The ghostly vessel streaked on her way and was swallowed up in the surrounding fog. No crew, no form of life at all was seen aboard that phantom craft. Like the legendary *Flying Dutchman*, she appeared to be a craft of Satan, intent on inflicting mortal wounds upon any vessel she could pounce on unawares. At any rate, the men aboard the *Winding Gulf* were convinced the incident had no explanation other than supernatural. Be that as it may, one thing is certain: the oceans guard their secrets well and we are left to wonder. . . .



AMERICANISM

Versus All Other Isms

By LOUISA ELDREDGE

“WITH the kiss of the sun for a pardon and the song of a bird for mirth, you are closer to God in your garden than any place else on earth.” Perhaps as I enjoy this simple pleasure of my own small backyard, pondering the devious subterfuges leading to the destruction of the American way of life, the thought strikes me forcefully — how is it possible among this tranquillity? Then quickly the next thought follows — how is it possible to explain Americanism, and just exactly what does the American way of life mean to me as an American citizen?

Before the questions scarcely have been posed, I am stymied. American citizenship indubitably means untold opportunities too numerous to recount. It means more joy and ease of living than any place on this earth. It means public schools and colleges for all. It means the beauty of New England snows and blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico. It means fields of waving grain — acres of white cotton — towering industries — unspeakable beauty of valleys and mountains from the At-

lantic to the Pacific. It means loyalty, love and harmony of family and friends.

Even all of this is not sufficient. Have you as a citizen of this great republic ever tried to explain Americanism — what American citizenship means to you — what the American way of life means to you — what the Constitution of the United States of America means to you — the Declaration of Independence — the Bill of Rights with all the prerogatives and privileges of a free and independent individual? As one who unswervingly believes in the capitalistic system of America with its free enterprise as the last and only hope of freedom for the world, I maintain it is not only wise but necessary to our survival for every American to take stock.

The attack upon America is of a virulence and of a mendacity. Specious and non-logical propaganda so commonly known as “brainwashing” seems to be the order of the day. Why is this not recognized for what it is, namely, the apotheosis of evil? Why do Americans who

know the truth continue to take the less hazardous and more comfortable middle-of-the-road attitude? Why have so many Americans become muddled and confused about the basic precepts of right and the privileges and responsibilities of our American heritage, together with the fundamental principles upon which our country was established?

Human nature as such has not changed. Right is still right. Wrong continues to be wrong. Honor and integrity are still necessary for the formation of a solid foundation for an individual or a country to build a decent and happy life. The Ten Commandments after two thousand years are the unchanged laws of God. After almost two centuries the Constitution of the United States of America is undeniably the most perfect human document ever written. "If one believes in right principles and in God whose Divine Intelligence provides the natural law to all mankind as a way of life, it is then impossible to compromise with Marxism, which is based on materialism and thus rejects God."

WITH this incontrovertible evidence, why has it become, in the eyes of many, a sign of weakness to love one's country; to revere God; and to respect the individual rights of man? Why has nationalism become, according to many, a poison for the mind? The unsavory program of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization

(UNESCO), the monster brain-child of the United Nations, propagandizes our teachers and our children with this: "As long as the child breathes the poisoned air of nationalism (patriotism), education in world-mindedness can produce only rather precarious results. As we have pointed out, it is frequently the family that infects the child with extreme nationalism."

Does not that quote from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization virtually terrify you as an American? Nationalism is patriotism. It is loyalty and devotion to your country and its established principles. But according to UNESCO, these ideals must be eradicated. This fallacious, incredible doctrine of UNESCO has been subtly promulgated for the past twenty to thirty years in our American colleges. It has produced our Alger Hisses, our Rosenbergs, our Fifth Amendment Americans. If one doubts this, let him read the countless volumes of testimony given before the investigating committees: Committee on the Judiciary, Senator William E. Jenner, chairman; the House Committee on Un-American Activities, Harold H. Velde, chairman; and the Senate's Permanent Sub-Committee on Investigations, Senator Joe McCarthy, chairman. The transcripts of testimony pertaining to Communism in education consume approximately one thousand pages.

At this moment I take a dim view

of the survival of our American way of life. With reluctance I face the immutable and factual evidence leading to this conclusion. Since the year 1800, Socialism, which is the forerunner of Communism, has been threading its way.

Our republican form of government has been under constant attack. On November 16, 1933, Franklin Delano Roosevelt opened the flood gates by recognizing the Godless USSR — the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The Roosevelt-Truman Administrations invited, even aided and abetted, the destruction of our American Republic. This is not acrimony or heresy but irrefutable truth. This does not mean to imply that to the end I shall not fight for the survival of my country.

Americanism and the American way of life mean: I am an American — a free American. Free to speak — without fear. Free to worship God in my own way. Free to stand for what I think right. Free to oppose what I believe wrong. Free to choose those who govern my country. Free to uphold this heritage for myself and all mankind.

One great American patriot has expressed my belief in Americanism more powerfully than my capabilities permit. Thus I quote George Sokolsky: "I believe that America is an ideal, a hope. It is freedom for all mankind. It is liberty for the individual man. It is human aspiration that makes the erect man stand

in the dignity of his own person. This ideal is unchanged in the 177 years since Thomas Jefferson penned the glorious Preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

TO THIS ideal, American patriots, from Lexington to St. Mihiel, from Corregidor to Iwo Jima to the shameful and bloody hills of Korea, have pledged their sacred honor, lives and fortunes. For generations, Americans from all walks of life have contributed their talents to this ideal. The least I can do as a privileged American is to spend my efforts in teaching the youth of this land to believe in and cherish these United States of America as a "government of the people, by the people, for the people," whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a constitutional, representative government; a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity. I further believe it is my duty to my country to teach the youth of this land to love it, to respect its flag, to obey its laws, to uphold its Constitution and to defend it against all enemies both within and without.

My American heritage challenges me as an individual to use every resource within my power to save my country from the quicksands of nefarious and traitorous ideologies sown for the aggrandizement of evil.

Post-Mortems Are for Pathologists

By JOE DIGIOVANNI

NO BRANCH of crime detection is more effective in the uncovering of murders than the post-mortem work done by competent medical examiners, especially in the performance of autopsies. Yet, the unfortunate fact exists that in most parts of the United States the importance of qualified medical examiners in police work is officially ignored.

In forty-one of our states, coroners need not be medical men. Some are local undertakers. In thirty-two of these states, the coroners don't have even the assistance of medical advisers.

In some cases, these jobs are purely political plums that political bosses hand out as rewards to loyal party members; in other cases, where the coroner's office is an elective post, favored, unqualified party members are rewarded with the opportunity to run for the post. In either case, the office represents a favor the bosses would not have at their disposal if the coroners were appointed on a basis of medical and legal training and of competitive examinations, as they are in some communities.

As a result of too many incompetents in coroners' posts, an untold number of murders are officially recorded as nonhomicidal deaths, while

many deaths from natural or accidental causes are adjudged to be murder or suicide. The best justification for this statement lies in known cases of such erroneous verdicts, of which there are far too many.

For example, in Georgia, a fully clothed man was found dead in his bed. The coroner, in examining the body, found a few drops of blood on the bed. But, since he could find no wound on the body during his brief examination, he decided the blood had no important significance; so he issued a death certificate stating the cause of death to be a heart attack. Not long after, however, the dead man's landlord, while under the influence of liquor, made some very suspicious remarks about the death. These were reported to the police, who decided an autopsy would be in order. The pathologist who performed the autopsy found that the man had been killed by a very slender stab-wound. This wound was in the back of the neck and was well hidden by the man's hair. The landlord confessed the murder and was convicted.

In another case of a coroner's incompetence, a Los Angeles man was found burned and dead in bed. The

coroner's verdict was: "Death caused by a lighted cigaret accidentally dropped on bed." But, at the insistence of a city detective who doubted the verdict, a chemical analysis was made. This analysis showed the man had died from a dose of arsenic, some of which was still in his liver. Questioned by the police, the man's wife broke down and confessed his murder.

SUCH common blunders are rare under a sensible, efficient coroner's system — such as that of New York, Boston, San Francisco, and a few other places.

All coroners' work in such communities is done by medical examiners, qualified for their jobs by medical and legal training, and appointed after passing a competitive examination. Unlike politically favored, laymen coroners, these expert examiners make no snap judgments and offer no pure guesswork as causes of death. They rely on science, and the remarkable results they achieve are a comfort to their communities — results such as these:

The charred, unidentifiable remains of a man were found lying in the ashes of a fire in a lot in Harlem, New York City. The police believed the man was a drunk who accidentally fell into the fire. And so it would have been officially decided in the absence of competent medical examiners. Instead, an autopsy was performed and it revealed (1) that there was no carbon monoxide in the

lungs, a fact indicating that the man was dead and, therefore, not breathing when he came in contact with the fire; (2) that the man's skull had been fractured by one or more heavy blows; (3) that there were saw marks on some of the bones, showing plainly that somebody had tried to dismember the body; (4) that, on the basis of a study of a few remaining shriveled hairs, the man was probably a Negro; (5) that he was buck-toothed, about 27 years old, and about 5 feet, 5 inches tall.

A few weeks later a Negro woman reported her brother missing. She described him as being 25 years old, 5 feet, 6 inches tall, and buck-toothed. She told the police she feared her brother had met with foul play, and that she suspected a certain street-corner preacher with whom her brother had quarreled. The police went to the preacher's home where they found some of the victim's clothing, a hack saw, a length of lead pipe, and dried blood smears on a carpet. Analysis showed the blood to be of the same type as that of the dead man. The preacher confessed the murder and admitted the victim was the woman's brother.

But of course the good work of competent medical examiners (as it relates to police business) does not serve just to help the law convict murderers. It also serves to clear innocent murder suspects, and often to prove apparent suicides to be natural or accidental deaths.

Early one morning a longshore-

man was questioned on the Brooklyn waterfront by policemen who had seen him throw a bundle into the river. In another bundle they found a woman's thigh. The longshoreman admitted that it was part of the body of a woman he had dismembered. In the longshoreman's room, the police found the rest of the woman's body. Continuing to talk, the longshoreman said he and the woman had had a heavy drinking bout the night before, and that when he woke up in a stupor the following morning he found her dead. Concluding he had killed her while drunk, he had decided to cut the body up and get rid of it. It looked like a clear-cut case of murder, and an incompetent layman coroner would probably have let it go at that. But an expert autopsy on the woman's remains showed definitely that she had died of carbon monoxide gas. It was determined that the gas had come from a stove in the longshoreman's room, but the longshoreman himself hadn't breathed enough to be killed. As a result, a man was cleared of a "murder" he was sure he had committed (and found guilty only of trying to dispose of a body in an illegal manner).

AND HERE is a final example illustrating the difference between good and bad post-mortem work.

An Ohio dentist was found dead in his office. A bottle of sleeping pills was discovered in the office. The coroner (a layman) decided it was a

case of suicide and so stated in his official report. The dentist's insurance was automatically voided. But the dentist's wife didn't believe her husband had taken his life, and, on her insistent demand, an autopsy was performed. The autopsy revealed that the dentist had died by carbon monoxide gas. Then the investigators found a leaky pipe from which the gas reached the dentist in his office. So the competent work of a qualified pathologist changed an erroneous suicide verdict to one of accidental death, erasing a stigma, and enabling the widow to collect double indemnity instead of no insurance at all. The terrible mistake made in this case in the first place serves to emphasize the value, to any community, of competent, qualified medical examiners.

More than 300,000 persons die from violent or mysterious causes in the United States every year. The causes of some 20% of these deaths (roughly 60,000) cannot be definitely determined without autopsies. But because of an all-too-prevalent incompetence on the part of coroners, the post-mortem examinations in many of these deaths do not include autopsies. This failure is probably partly responsible for the fact that only 5% of the 300,000 deaths are officially recorded as homicides.

Without question, the appointment or election of laymen as coroners is illogical and often criminal. Post-mortems are for pathologists.

By Edward Latham

A NEW SOLUTION *for* **HAWAII and ALASKA**

SHOULD two new stars be added to Old Glory? Should Alaska and Hawaii be admitted to the Union on an equal basis with the present states? This question will be considered by the Senate during the current session. Bills granting statehood to these territories have already passed the House, but past experience indicates that the Senate may not concur. Whatever the Senate's final decision, we may expect that it will be preceded by a long and lively debate.

In the numerous debates of the past, and in the many extensive committee hearings, one possible answer to the question of what to do about Hawaii and Alaska has not received the attention it deserves. It is the alternative of granting to each a separate self-governing status molded to its needs. Puerto Rico offers an example of the advantages and workability of this solution.

To deal with the problem in terms of all or nothing, of a choice between

statehood and the present relationship, is unrealistic. It is to be hoped that the Senate will give full consideration to the possibility of a third status, one that might well prove to be the best solution for the territories and the Union.

The people of Alaska and Hawaii feel that they are entitled to self-government. They resent the fact that certain officials are appointed by the President, instead of being elected locally, and that their legislative acts are subject to Congressional review. Their yearning to be free of bureaucratic control will seem natural and legitimate to most Americans. Under a status similar to that of Puerto Rico, these territories could be given as much local autonomy as is enjoyed by any state. They could frame and adopt their own constitutions, elect all their own officials, and pass their own laws, without Congressional review.

Statehood advocates point out

that the people of Alaska and Hawaii are the victims of taxation without representation, and that this is just as distasteful today as it was in 1776. But there are two ways of rectifying this injustice. One is to grant representation in the Congress of the United States; the other is to refrain from levying the taxes. In the case of these territories, the second has some real advantages.

Federal taxes on corporations do not extend to Puerto Rico, and such other Federal taxes as are collected in that island are turned over to the local treasury. This encourages the expansion of present industries and the development of new ones. Economically, Puerto Rico is far better off than if it were a state, and the same would be true of Hawaii and Alaska.

ALASKA needs to be able to offer special inducements to investment capital, without which most of her vast natural resources will remain undeveloped. It is not enough simply to possess such things as timber and minerals. Under our system, they must be exploitable at a profit. Alaska's distance from the great centers of consumption puts her at a disadvantage, for the costs of transportation must be added to the costs of production. This competitive handicap could be counterbalanced by tax benefits. Freedom from Federal taxation would encourage new enterprises, and, as a bonus, Alaska could follow

the example of Puerto Rico by granting such enterprises local tax exemption for a period of ten years.

While Alaska's need is more obvious, and fundamentally greater, Hawaii also needs new enterprises. She needs them to diversify her lopsided economy and to absorb her rapidly growing labor force. Since no important expansion of agriculture is possible, Hawaii must turn to industry. Distance and lack of natural resources make special inducements necessary.

Alaska has a population problem just the opposite of that in Hawaii. With a land area approximately one third that of the present States, she has a population of less than 200,000. Even this number represents an extraordinary percentage increase in the last few years. Unfortunately, this is not primarily the result of settlement by people who have gone to Alaska to till the soil, find permanent jobs in local industries, or open up shops as businessmen. A major part of the increase is due to the building of military installations, directly or indirectly. Some of these people will stay on after the construction period has ended, it is true, but experience indicates that the proportion will be small.

As it is, Alaska is faced with the fact that people from the States will not go there unless they are paid a substantially higher wage than they would get here. This is economically sound, since equal wages would mean a lower standard

of living due to higher costs. They will not undertake the arduous labor of homesteading since equal effort would produce greater results here. Statehood would in no way alter these economic facts of life.

BUT there are people who would welcome an opportunity to settle in Alaska, as workers or homesteaders. These are the people now barely subsisting in refugee camps in Western Germany. There are many thousands of Baltic peoples, now destitute, who would be glad to find a haven, and are accustomed to similar climatic conditions. Of course, they would prefer to come to the present States, and many of them are going to be allowed to do so. Why not admit additional thousands to Alaska as rapidly as that territory can absorb them? If any people are equipped to develop our northern outpost, it is these hardy North Europeans. And from the security angle, no settlers could be more desirable than these refugees from the Red Terror.

With statehood, it would be unconstitutional to admit immigrants to Alaska only. And any who were induced to go there would automatically gain the right to move to the other states. Under statehood, these immigrants could use Alaska simply as a steppingstone, staying there just long enough to earn passage money to Seattle or Portland. However, so long as Alaska is not a state, Congress has the power to

pass a law permitting suitable immigrants to go there subject to special conditions. Such a law might require the settlers to stay in Alaska for a certain number of years before gaining the right to remigrate here.

It is said that statehood is desirable because it would free the territories from hampering and discriminatory Federal controls. The development of Alaska, especially, has been hindered by restrictions, red tape and confusion resulting from distant control by numerous Federal agencies. The error here lies in the assumption that statehood offers the only solution. Congress could rectify the situation by providing for a minimum of Federal control and defining the manner in which it shall be exercised. All of the Federal functions that would be turned over to a state could equally well be transferred to a self-governing territory.

In addition, as has been stated, special advantages, such as exemption from Federal taxes, could be granted. The fact that Hawaii and Alaska are "incorporated territories" is no bar to this. It has been repeatedly stated by the courts that the uniformity provisions of the Constitution do not necessarily apply to the territories. Laws in their disfavor have been passed and upheld. Laws favoring them would be just as valid.

STEAHOOD has been opposed in the past because of possible disadvantages and dangers to the Union.

as a whole. This has resulted in the continuation of an unsatisfactory relationship. But there is no reason for such a stalemate. The main arguments against statehood do not apply to commonwealth status.

It has been said that to admit a distant territory with a different background, such as Hawaii, would be to set a dangerous precedent. Could we admit one and exclude the others? On what could we base such discrimination against the Virgin Islands, Guam, Samoa and the rest?

The International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, expelled from the CIO as Communist, controls organized labor in Hawaii. The chief organizer and leader of the ILWU there, Jack W. Hall, was recently convicted of being an active Communist conspirator. It would be naïve to assume that the removal of Hall and some of his cohorts has changed the complexion of the ILWU. Key men in this powerful union were chosen and trained by Hall, and their top commander is still the notorious Harry Bridges.

Last January 7, Associate Justice Ingram Stainback of the Hawaiian Supreme Court told the Senate Interior Committee that the economic life of the territory is unquestionably dominated by the ILWU, and said the men who control that union "absolutely follow the Communist line." Because of this situation, he opposes statehood for Hawaii now.

The testimony of Justice Stainback, an ex-Governor of Hawaii, is especially significant. A "liberal" Democrat, he was long an outstanding advocate of statehood.

With the aid of the ILWU, Communists and fellow-travelers have intruded into Hawaiian politics. A period of autonomous self-government would enable the people of Hawaii to work out this problem for themselves without exposing the rest of the country to the risk that some future members of the Senate might be under the control of Harry Bridges or his kind.

Under the Constitution, statehood is irrevocable. Even if the granting of it prove to have been a mistake, it cannot be withdrawn. A test period of full self-government is therefore desirable. After such a period, the matter could be reconsidered, since commonwealth status need not be permanent.

In Alaska and Hawaii the people voted for statehood, but they were not given a full choice. The only alternative was to leave things unchanged. For all we know, the majorities in Alaska and Hawaii voted *against* their present status rather than *for* statehood as such. The democratic thing to do would be to give them an opportunity to express themselves regarding tax-free commonwealth status, not confine their choice to statehood or nothing. The people of Puerto Rico had a full choice, and they voted overwhelmingly for commonwealth status.

Shaw's

OTHER DUSTMAN



By DESMOND M. FISHER

ONE of Bernard Shaw's dustmen, Alfred Doolittle of *Pygmalion*, traveled out from the brain of Shaw and went right around the world. But his other dustman — Mr. Patrick O'Reilly of Dublin — never got farther than a visit to Shaw himself at Ayot St. Lawrence in Hertfordshire, England.

Patrick O'Reilly is a real-life dustman who has emptied dustbins in Shaw's native city for forty years. He answers very well to the description of Alfred Doolittle, who was "an elderly but vigorous dustman . . . well marked and rather interesting features . . . has a remarkably expressive voice, the result of a habit of giving vent to his feelings without reserve."

The real dustman, who was Shaw's friend in the author's last years, is now conducting a one-man campaign to make Dublin give the author a more honored and perma-

nent memorial than the small marble plaque erected on Number 33, Synge Street, where Shaw was born in 1856. It was Dustman O'Reilly who collected the funds to erect this plaque, gathering pennies and sixpences from the people whose bins he emptied every week.

For this dustman, who treasures the twenty-six letters and five postcards Shaw wrote him, is proud of his association with Shaw and wants Dublin to be the same; so he is asking Dublin Corporation and the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, to co-operate in putting a statue of Shaw in the forecourt of the college, where statues of the statesman Burke and the poet Goldsmith look down on the swirling traffic of College Green.

Some fifteen years ago, an eminent Polish sculptor presented a life-size statue of Shaw to the National Gallery. "They just put it

away in a back room," says the dustman. "Why can't they bring it out and put it someplace where the people of Dublin can see it?"

"It should be up on top of Nelson Pillar right in the center of the city, or in front of Trinity College."

Shaw himself approved the suggestion of the statue at Trinity College. He wrote to his dustman friend: "If they want to put me with Burke and Goldsmith, the pious and the immortals, who have been there for so many years, they can get a copy of my statue out of the National Gallery for about two hundred pounds."

O'Reilly means to keep pestering the civic authorities and the Trinity College heads until they erect a suitable memorial to Shaw. "It's a terrible thing," he says, "that Bernard Shaw is held in honor all over the world but the people of his native city won't raise a finger to do honor to his memory."

DUSTMAN O'Reilly has done his bit to honor his friend. His connection with Shaw started more than forty years ago when he saw Shaw's *Man and Superman* in the old Rotunda Theatre. He began to read Shaw's works and every day since has taken down the tattered volume of plays and reads from it in the tiny and scrupulously clean municipal cottage where he lives alone with his memories of Shaw.

Just around the corner is Synge Street, where Shaw was born, and

where the plaque erected by the dustman tells the fact to the world.

In 1944, the Dublin City Council presented Shaw with the Freedom of the City, and sent representatives to Ayot St. Lawrence with the Roll of Freeman for Shaw's signature. Two years later Shaw celebrated his 90th birthday — on July 26, 1946. And to his home in a quiet corner of Hertfordshire came presents, costly and rare, from all over the world. The postman also brought him a small present from Ireland. It was a little gold shamrock.

The gift was from the Dublin dustman. It took him many weeks of searching to find it. The windows of the downtown jewelers' shops were full of beautiful gifts — but the price tags put them out of consideration. And then the dustman found the gift he sought — in a pawnshop. Tucked away in the corner of a dusty window was an article as old and as rare as Shaw himself — a golden shamrock. It cost only 12/6d, and to pay for it the dustman saved 2/6d a week for five weeks out of his weekly pay check of 4 pounds.

Back from Ayot St. Lawrence came a card. "A golden shamrock!" Shaw wrote. "What a charming gift! It is on my watch-chain and it will remain there until I myself drop of it."

In 1947, Dustman O'Reilly thought of his idea to erect a plaque on Number 33, Synge Street, the undistinguished terrace house in which Shaw first saw light. He col-

lected for months, going about, hat in hand, to the householders. Many of them were humble workingmen like himself, but from their pennies and sixpences he built up the fund and commissioned the plaque.

O'REILLY wrote to Shaw about the plan and said he wanted the inscription on the plaque to read: "He gave his services to his country unlimited, unstinted and without price."

Shaw's reply was typical. He wrote: "Dear Pat: Your inscription is a blazing lie. I left Dublin before I was twenty and I have devoted the remainder of my life to Labour and International Socialism and for all you know I may be hanged yet."

Shaw then sent over a drawing showing the design he wanted for the plaque — a wreath of shamrocks in marble with the inscription:

BERNARD SHAW
AUTHOR OF MANY PLAYS
BORN IN THIS HOUSE
26TH JULY 1856

The plaque as designed by Shaw was erected on the house. Later that year, Dustman O'Reilly had a cherished wish come true when he traveled to Hertfordshire and met Shaw in his own home. His greeting to the housekeeper, Miss Blanche Patch, was:

"Tell Bernard Shaw the dustman has come to bring him home on his back."

He was ushered into the garden

where Shaw greeted him effusively. "Hello, Pat," he said. "Come on in. I'm a bit thin but my muscles are good." Then the two Dublin men talked about the city where they both grew up and about the streets they played in as children.

"And do you remember the Pottle at all?" asked the dustman. (The Pottle is a narrow alleyway near which Swift lived as Dean of Dublin's Christ Church Cathedral.)

"Yes, indeed, I remember it well," Shaw replied. "I often played marbles from Synge Street, up the Pottle into the Coombe and back by the 'Barn' past my father's mill at Rutland House. I remember, too, robbing an orchard at the back of Portobello Bridge on the way home."

When the dustman asked him if he wanted anything from the people of Ireland, Shaw answered: "I have everything that money can buy and all I want from my Irish friends is their prayers, which are un purchasable."

And back at home, when the dustman heard that his friend Shaw was in a hospital with a fractured thigh, he walked up to the Shaw family grave in Mount Jerome and took flowers from the grave to send to the author. But he never heard if Shaw received them.

And now the man who worked as a dustman for forty years before retiring early last year, is thinking up new means to get Shaw's native city to do justice to his memory.



Where Is Eisenhower Going?

By FRANK S. MEYER

THE Eisenhower administration has been in power over a year. That is long enough to give some indication of the principles and direction of an administration which, after all, has only four years to accomplish its purpose before it must submit its record to the voters.

The character of the previous administration was clear enough. It stood for collectivism at home, camouflaged as humanitarianism; and for appeasement abroad, camouflaged as containment — the whole cemented together by economic bribery of enough groups to make up an electoral majority. This — not deep freezes and mink coats — was the essence of the “mess in Washington” which Eisenhower promised to get rid of.

A system so long established cannot be swept away in a day; nor would it be economically possible, without disaster, to do it abruptly. But, after a year of experience in office and of study of the problems, the administration should give clear signs of a program designed to bring about a return to fundamental American concepts of government. There should be indications that the character of the Communist danger is fully recognized. And there should

be the most resolute repudiation of the immoral tactic of bribery of the electorate.

Changes of face in the upper levels of administration, an atmosphere less redolent of the small-time crony, the disappearance of the more flagrant Communist supporters from government office are not enough. Nor is glittering praise of the American tradition and free-enterprise system. Roosevelt and Truman could turn that on, too, when the occasion demanded.

The unfortunate fact of the matter is that freedom at home is not possible without giving up the promise of cradle-to-grave security; and freedom from Soviet slavery is not possible without the will to fight for that freedom even at the risk of nuclear war.

Had the time-tested leaders of the Republican Party triumphed in the Republican convention of 1952, this is the way in which they would have conducted the Republican campaign. They did not. They were defeated by the so-called “liberal” Republican wing, which campaigned on a double slogan: “It’s time for a change” and “We won’t change anything.” Tens of millions of voters nevertheless voted

Republican in hope that the good sense of the Republican Party would make the first of these slogans the dominant policy of the administration, that somehow a real change would be brought about.

That was the meaning of the Eisenhower victory. It was a mandate for a change, a call for a stop to the collectivist revolution. How has that mandate been fulfilled?

ARE THERE any signs, either in what it has already done or in its plans for the future, that the Eisenhower administration differs from the preceding administrations in its basic political philosophy? Or does it also regard the Federal Government as the guardian and nursemaid of the people? Has there been any significant abatement of government activity and interference in economic affairs, or have any systematic plans to this end been drafted? Have the statements and speeches of administration leaders, from the President down, shown understanding of the importance of these vital questions?

To ask these questions is to answer them. While there has been some trimming of government programs, and perhaps a greater degree of efficiency introduced into this or that activity, there has been no observable change in principle whatever. When small tentative movements have been made in such directions, it has required only loud shouts from powerful interest groups

to cause the Administration to beat a hasty retreat.

Two examples will suffice. An approach to the farm problem was advanced in the early days of the Administration, which would have gradually removed government support for farm prices, except in time of crisis. The removal of government supports for agriculture, as for all segments of the national economy, would seem to be the first essential of a free economy. But no sooner was this farm policy promulgated and a few steps taken toward putting it into practice than all the interests concerned rose up in wrath. At the moment of writing, the whole question of farm policy has been submitted to a commission, where it may safely be predicted that the brave idea of a free market in farm prices will be quietly buried.

As with farm supports, so with monetary policy. A common phenomenon of all controlled economies — Communist, Socialist, Nazi, and welfare state — is inflation through government control of the monetary system. A free economy depends upon a free market in money. The economic hallmark of the New Deal and the Fair Deal was government control of the rate of interest, which was artificially held to a low level in order to make government borrowing and deficit financing easier.

Secretary Humphrey in the Treasury, like Secretary Benson in Agriculture, made a serious effort to develop a program which would

cut at the roots of the entrenched monetary practices of New Dealism. There was a considerable withdrawal of the Government from the management of the money market. Money began to "harden," the price of government bonds to fall, and the rate of interest the Treasury had to pay for its borrowings to rise. The beginnings of a counterinflationary trend set in. But here, as in the farm situation, the first hints of a return to the normal practices of a free economy created consternation. The Federal Reserve Board, presumably with Presidential approval, reversed its policy. "Easy money," "controlled inflation," and a steady rise in prices once again characterize the scene.

From what can be learned, it would be unfair to blame Secretary Humphrey himself for the reversal. He, like Secretary Benson (and like Attorney General Brownell in the matter of Harry Dexter White), learned that forthright action in the direction of a real change initiated by members of the "team" is repudiated by the quarterback at the first sign of trouble.

AS THERE seems to be little to distinguish the Eisenhower administration from its predecessors in the fight against creeping collectivism, there is not much more evidence of improvement in its policies for the defense of the nation against Communist world domination. For a moment during the campaign, it

seemed that the basic problem was going to be faced. In a famous speech, John Foster Dulles broke squarely with the Kennan concept of containment and coexistence. It was only for a moment. The "liberal" press, Democratic and Republican alike, raised such a cry that the good Secretary-to-be — and the candidate — withdrew in haste.

First requisite for a proper foreign policy is understanding of the intransigent and unlimited aims of the enemy. There is no escape from their challenge to us; either we or they must be destroyed. This does not necessarily mean that all-out nuclear warfare is inevitable. It does mean that we must place the survival of our freedom first, and our hopes for peace second. This, incidentally, is the only chance of peace. To place peace as our first objective is to adopt a policy of peace at any price; in whatever phrases it is couched, that is appeasement. Against an enemy such as ours, it means that sooner or later we would be faced with the alternative of abject surrender or fighting under the most unfavorable of circumstances. If, on the other hand, we have the courage to look at reality as it is, to place as our objective the overthrow of the Kremlin, there is a possibility that that may be achieved without all-out warfare. And there is a thousand-times-better chance that, if it comes to it, we will win.

Nothing that has occurred in

recent months demonstrates more forcefully the absence of these principles than a paragraph from Secretary Dulles' speech at the opening of the United Nations General Assembly on September 17 last: "We can understand the particular desire of the Russian people to have close neighbors who are friendly. We sympathize also with that desire. The United States does not want Russia encircled by hostile peoples."

Surely, if the Administration had the faintest sense of reality about the character of the struggle, the tightest possible encirclement of the Soviet Union by the most hostile of peoples would be one of our first aims.

What is Secretary Dulles saying? That any friends we have in the periphery of the Soviet empire are to be sacrificed to the Russian desire for captive neighbors? How does this differ from the policy of Yalta, from the sell-out of Poland in 1945?

No, there is no very convincing sign of a change in the overall direction of foreign policy. And in combatting the Communist conspiracy at home, there are many signs of the same confusion. Certainly the President is right when he says that in combatting Communism we must not infringe the basic Constitutional guarantees of the freedom of the individual. But what, for example, has that to do with attacking an inquiry into American propaganda libraries

abroad — suspected of working for the enemy — and castigating it as "book burning"?

WHAT, then, is the political meaning of the Eisenhower administration? Where is it going? As things stand today, the fears of many who voted Republican, in spite of their sick disgust after the convention, seem to be being borne out. The direction of the Administration — if direction it is, and not simply drift — appears to be toward a somewhat inhibited New Dealism, what is politely called "liberal Republicanism."

If things continue in this way, the only hope of Constitutional government and a sound foreign policy will rest, as it rested under Truman and Roosevelt, in the coalition of traditional Republicans and Southern Democrats in the Congress. Out of the struggle which already seems to be shaping up between this coalition on the one hand, and the administration supported by "liberal Republicans" and New Deal Democrats on the other, there may well come a new alignment of parties, giving the voters in 1956 at last a real choice of the kind they have not had for many years. Unless a totally unexpected change occurs in the mind of the President and in the policies of his administration, there would seem today to be no other possibility of achieving a clean break with the disastrous policies of the last twenty years.

WHY DO DOCTORS LIE TO THEIR PATIENTS?

By Leila T. Ammerman



WHY do doctors conceal the truth from mature, although fatally ill, patients? Is it really because they feel that it is best for the patient — or is it, rather, because they, themselves, find death something to be feared? I believe their “hush-hush” attitude about fatal illness reveals a subconscious reaction of their own fear.

Death is one of the processes of the physical nature, like birth — or the very process of growth itself. God designed physical nature to conform to certain rules and processes — and whether animate or inanimate nature, we still follow a similar design: the process of natural birth into this world of the physical, the slow growth to maturity and the period at the peak of the physical life. Then the decline toward the last natural process, which ushers us from the world of the physical into that of the spirit.

There are many reasons why the truth is important to the patient suffering a fatal illness. If the doctor who tells lies to the patient were called aside and told — “You are to be sent on a 10,000-mile trip to the other side of the world. You will be given no notice, but will suddenly find yourself on the way” — would he not protest vigorously? Surely that same doctor would say:

“Now wait a moment. If I’m going on a long journey, I have to prepare. There are many things that must be taken care of properly if I’m to be away. I must see that Doctor Jones, who takes over my practice, understands the peculiar reactions of old Mrs. Marsh. She responds very poorly to certain drugs, and I have worked out a careful treatment for her trouble. You know, a doctor must think of his patients! And I must have time to put my financial and personal affairs

in order. Time to make arrangements for my children's schooling while I'm away. And please give me a few hours with my family."

We must grant that many times death comes suddenly and unexpectedly, and we may not make preparations for our long journey. But when death may be foreseen, so that we may make leisurely preparation, should a doctor have the right to deprive us of that precious time?

A DOCTOR will say defensively that if a patient is told that his disease is fatal, he will stop fighting to live. "While there is life, there is hope," and a patient *must* put up a fight for life. Surely we will all grant that in many, many cases, the will to live is part of the battle won — the doctor must inspire trust in his patient, so that he will strive to his utmost to live.

A fight for life, during the last weeks or days of physical existence, may make those closing hours miserable. I have watched patients fighting for breath as if physical life was the only thing that mattered. Fighting so hard that they had no time for thought of those around them, no sweet hours of companionship with their dear ones, for they were fighting too hard to hold on to the slim thread of life till the very last — assured that there would be time in the future for companionship.

Conversely, I have watched other souls — one very wonderful lady in particular whose doctor was not one

of those who believed in lies. She knew in November that she had an incurable cancer of the skin which was now inoperable, as it had reached the blood stream. Childless, she and her husband lived through wonderful months of close companionship, while the winter months went and spring came. She sat out in an easy lawn chair and watched while he planted vegetables and flowers — and both knew that she would not see another spring. She loved the warm spring sunshine, the early flowers. Even through the summer months when she was bed-fast, she watched birds and children and flowers from her ground-floor window till at last she slipped into a coma, and death came in August. I believe that those last few months and the hours shared were some of the most beautiful she and her husband had in this life. And when at last death came, she slipped quietly and peacefully across into the world of the spirit — untroubled by any bitter fight to hold the physical or cling to this life. Surely this is a more wonderful way to go on our long journey than to fight inch by inch along the way, as if life were trying to push us off the edge of a precipice, and we fought for our slim hold on the rim.

I OFTEN wonder how many times a dying patient is actually fooled by the doctor's comforting assurances that he is getting better. We are not all fools, and most of us

are somewhat acquainted with fatal symptoms through reading magazines and books.

How many times have I seen quiet knowledge in a cancer patient's eyes while he quite cheerfully fooled his family and doctors into thinking he was ignorant of his nearness to death! Many times people have said cheerfully after the death of a loved one — "Well, thank goodness, he never knew he had cancer (or heart trouble, or whatever the illness might be). He thought right to the end that he would get better" — and I wonder! A relative of mine said seriously, after the death of her youthful sister, "We thought she did not know she had cancer of the throat — but now I remember so many things she said those last few months that make me think she did know!"

How much better if a family can face the fact together, as a unit, and go on to the peaceful, quiet enjoyment of each hour and minute together — rather than spend these hours in trying to deceive each other into thinking there is hope for recovery in this world.

I believe that doctors, in admitting they will lie to patients in the event of mortal illness, are destroying the trust they strive so hard to build up within the minds of their patients.

I knew one young woman who was obsessed with the idea that she

had symptoms of various serious illnesses. Really, she was in excellent health, as the doctors she went to attempted to assure her. Still anxious and uncertain, she continued to beat a path to the doors of various doctors. She felt that if she had some fatal illness, the doctor would not tell her the truth about it. And so, no matter how many doctors attempted to reassure her about her health, she continued to live in a state of perpetual anxiety — for how could she believe the doctors? They would lie to reassure her, anyway!

Surely we who believe that the truth is important in every case deserve a doctor who considers well before he deceives his patients. He may be undermining those things in which he most believes. He surely is fostering the idea that physical life is paramount.

Two thousand years ago we were told: "Know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Free of fear and dread and horror of the natural processes through which our physical being must go. Free of the anguished fighting to cling to failing breath. Free of the necessity of fooling our dear ones into believing that *they* are fooling *us*! Free, — yes, free to plan our last months and days if (death should give us warning) and to enjoy each moment with our loved ones in peace and complete understanding.



Long-Range **WEATHER FORECASTING**

By J. H. W. KERSTON

THE Oceanographic Institute has discovered that the ocean tide gauges at Miami furnish long-range weather forecasts for localities as far distant as Chicago and New York.

These gauges show that the mean sea level off Florida is changing by half a foot over long periods, due to fluctuations in the Gulf Stream.

The mysterious ocean river, which off New York has 700 times the volume of the Mississippi in flood, is in turn controlled by winds of ocean-wide proportions. These winds make possible the long-range inland forecasting, and their effects extend from the Arctic into the Tropics.

It was established first, that the Gulf Stream is really part of a vast eddy, the size of the entire North Atlantic. The winds over this eddy move in the same general direction.

Exhaustive tests and studies have shown that the inside edge of this eddy should stand higher than the outer edge. Surprising confirmation was found in the lower sea level along the American shore.

The differences in sea level between the inside and outside edges

of the Stream are not constant, but vary because of changes in the volume of the Gulf Stream.

When volume increases, the Stream is strong and the American coast level drops slightly. When volume diminishes, the current weakens and the sea level on this side rises.

The winds above the Atlantic have been correspondingly weak or strong. When strong, they have caused a more thorough mixing of the arctic cold and tropical heat.

The result of these strong winds has been temporarily a little warmer weather in the north and cooler weather in the tropics. The opposite occurs when the stream and the winds are weak.

Thus, we may expect some correlation between mean sea level at Miami and the monthly temperature at, say, Chicago.

An additional weather influence comes from the waters of the Stream. Around the latitude of New York, for example, the Stream is ordinarily about 100 miles offshore. When the current is weak, eddies form more easily between shore and Stream. This brings warm water closer inshore. It means that in summer, when southerly winds prevail, it should be possible to predict by the tide gauges at Miami the trends of mean monthly temperatures around New York.



Saturday Night in



“RED SQUARE”



By Philip Perlmutter

AT NO other public place is Communism so blatantly championed, by such wretched disciples, to such shallow minds, as in New York City's Union Square. This, indeed, is America's leading "Red Square" — where Communists come not to discuss and reason but to incite.

As long ago as 1898, Rand McNally's *Guide to the City* stated that "in Union Square, outdoor meetings, especially those called by labor agitators, often occur." The area, however, gained real notoriety during the depression 'twenties and 'thirties, when Communist demonstrators frequently clashed with the city's blue-coats.

Consisting actually of a square and a park, Union Square extends for three city blocks in length and one in width. On the southern and eastern boundaries stretches New York's famous "bargain shopping district," on whose sidewalks housewives, office girls, and hawkers rush

and bustle. Directly underground rumble the dank, stuffy subways, while in the overlooking office buildings, countless radical, labor and political headquarters busily operate. A minute's walk away lags "the street of forgotten men," the Bowery.

No matter what the season, weather, or time, the southern side of the park stirs and hums with small, compact rings of people. But like Times Square's blazing electric signs, Union Square also attracts its heaviest crowds on Saturday night, numbering anywhere from three hundred to six hundred people. It is then that anyone who has the desire and vocal power is assured a large audience. In fact, the louder and angrier the message, the larger is the crowd.

But the comparatively large crowds only partly explain why Communists, Socialists, anarchists, and even evangelists bare their hearts' passions in Union Square.

Other reasons are the absence of egg, tomato, or brickbat throwers. In addition, the police avoid the area, as long as there is no violence.

AT NIGHT, the short step circling the equestrian statue of George Washington offers the best podium. Here the "main speakers" usually appear, casually and indifferently dressed. They love to proclaim that Washington's nobly raised hand is actually pointing to the "enlightened ways of the *Daily Worker*," whose headquarters are in a southerly direction. The rear of his horse, they boast, is "pointed towards the New York *Daily News*." They forget to mention, however, that Washington's hand is also in a line with the Statue of Liberty, and that his horse's rear is directly above their heads.

Other radical speakers stand nearby, impatiently awaiting their turn to speak. Even though of a different revolutionary school, they courteously abstain from debating a point or heckling.

An hour- or two-hour harangue is a mere warm-up for Union Square speakers. It takes that long to belabor through "degenerate capitalism," "conniving Wall Street," "peace-endangering Atom Bomb," "enlightened Marx," and "fascistic Eisenhower." Two hours would, therefore, leave unclamored the "glorious Russian Revolution," "liberating dialectical materialism," "Nazi Senator McCarthy," "peace,"

"nonexistent God," and just about every conceivable subject stamped into the speaker's frenzied mind.

These men glaringly illustrate how the Russian Communist line is parroted abroad. No sooner does *Pravda* issue an important statement, which the *Daily Worker* obediently upholds, than the park re-echoes it.

Of all the groups in the park, the Communists and their sympathizers are the strongest in lung power, appeal, and numbers.

Even when faced with defeat, they attempt to propagandize it advantageously. For example, when the Communist Party recently suffered an obviously disappointing May Day demonstration in Union Square, they boasted (and they continue to boast) of an audience of 25,000! However, the truth is that the park when full, according to official police records, cannot hold more than 10,000 — and the park on May Day was far from full!

Indifferent to the bombast and fury that swells the night air, just above the middle of the park, stands an eighty-foot Liberty Pole. About its sculptured, drum-shaped base are these words: "How little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of and which no other people on earth enjoy."

But Jefferson's words, though written large, remain unseen in "Red Square" — even in the daylight.



COMMIES AND THE CONSTITUTION

By James Andrew Mayer



AT THE headquarters of the Subversive Activities Control Board in Washington one day last spring, a clerk strolled into the small, white-walled newsroom ornamented by a single engraving — an engraving appropriately enough of the Bill of Rights Amendments to the Constitution — and handed waiting reporters copies of a bulky document. It was the SCAB's first decision under the Internal Security (McCar-ran) Act, and it set the stage for what will certainly become one of the most fateful constitutional battles in American history.

For the decision contains the first attempt by the United States Government in its 175 years of existence to control the activities of a political party: the Communist Party of America.

In effect, the SCAB decision suspends the Bill of Rights insofar as the Communist Party is concerned. It orders the Communist Party:

First, to identify all material that it mails or broadcasts with the label:

"Sponsored by the Communist Party."

Second, to furnish the Attorney General with the names and addresses of all its officers and members, the list to be brought up to date each year and published by the Government as a public register of Communists.

Third, to furnish the Attorney General, for annual publication, with a detailed financial statement, listing all Party receipts and disbursements, and identifying by personal and corporate names all sources of income.

On the face of it, the Board's decision does not appear to be too onerous. It simply requires that Communist Party members and contributors stand up and be counted, and that the Party's propaganda be clearly labeled as such.

In its practical effects, however, the decision is a disastrous blow to the Party's objectives and activities. As everyone who has followed the hearings of Senate and House Committees on subversive activities well

knows, the one thing the Communists do not want to do is to stand up and be counted. For the Party to comply with the decision would be to expose, and thus destroy, the usefulness of its thousands of undercover workers who have been planted in Government posts, labor unions and critical industries for the purpose of engaging in various forms of subversion and — when the time comes — sabotage. It would expose its membership to loss of livelihood and social ostracism.

THERE are thousands of fellow travelers who eagerly subscribe to Communist newspapers and pamphlets now, when they are delivered through the mails discreetly concealed under plain wrappers, whose ardor for the cause would suddenly cool if the parcel were clearly stamped: "Sponsored by the Communist Party." And there are thousands whose pocketbooks would snap tightly shut if they knew that their names and the gifts would be publicly revealed.

Any attempt by the Party to falsify its statements is almost certain to be detected by the FBI, through undercover agents known to be planted inside Party circles, and the law provides stringent punishment for each violation.

As the Board fully anticipated, the Communist Party, through the shrill voice of its legal mouthpiece, Vito Marcantonio, immediately denounced the decision as a violation

of the Bill of Rights Amendments to the Constitution, the protection of which the Party has so frequently and so freely sought, and the responsibilities under which it has so frequently and freely ignored. Marcantonio charged that the decision contravenes the First Amendment, which says Congress shall pass *no* law abridging freedom of speech, press and assembly; and the Fifth, which forbids *any* legislation taking life, liberty, or property without due process of law. Marcantonio and the Communist Party leaders announced they would fight the decision.

And, as the Board also fully anticipated, Marcantonio and the Communist leaders were joined in denouncing the decision, not only by the usual motley of fellow travelers and professional "liberals," but also by many respected and distinguished lawyers and jurists who are sincerely concerned with the fact that the decision *does* abridge freedom of the press, and *does* involve loss of property without due process of law. One of the most distinguished lawyers to take up the cudgels against the Board's decision is John Lord O'Brian, former Assistant Attorney General of the United States, who voiced the concern of many of his colleagues in an article in the *Harvard Law Review*, in which he argued that the controls of the Communist Party ordered by the Board are "contrary to traditional constitutional interpretation," and that they set a trend toward control of

other minority parties in the U. S.

Thus the stage is set for an historic legal fight, which may determine just how far the U. S. Government may go in protecting itself against a conspiracy that is grimly dedicated to its destruction.

THE Board itself laid the legal foundation for its case, in the decision and in its previous report on the eighteen months of hearings it had held on the activities of the Communist Party. The Board's legal case is based on:

1. A specific provision in the preamble of the Constitution, repeated in the First Amendment, which requires Congress to "provide for the common defense."

2. The Board's finding, based on its eighteen months of hearings, that the Communist Party of America is, in fact, an agent of the Kremlin, conspiring to overthrow the constitutional government of the United States and make this country subject to the dictatorship of Moscow.

3. The Board's further finding that, as an agent of a hostile foreign power, the Communist Party constitutes a "clear and present danger" to the United States.

4. A decision by the Supreme Court, more than thirty years ago, that "a clear and present danger" to the national safety warrants the suspension of certain Bill of Rights guarantees.

Curiously enough, that Supreme Court decision, on which the Board's

ruling and the McCarran Act itself are based, and which may strip away the protective cloak that the Bill of Rights has afforded the Communist conspirators, was germinated in the same Marxian seedbed from which the Communist Party of America, itself, later sprang. It resulted from the efforts of a group of left-wing Socialists to obstruct the draft during World War I.

The Socialists had been campaigning energetically for the repeal of the draft law. They were countered by Congress with a new law imposing a penalty of up to twenty years' imprisonment for any act designed to obstruct recruitment. The Socialists served notice they would seek a court test.

On the complaint of an irate, immigrant Italian stonemason, whose son had recently been inducted into the service, the postal inspectors at Philadelphia swooped down on the headquarters of a left-wing faction of the Socialist Party in a dingy, outlying bookstore, and seized thousands of pamphlets picturing draftees as "convicts," and attacking the draft law as a "Wall street plot." They arrested Charles T. Schenck, executive secretary of the faction, who was convicted and, on the jury's recommendation of clemency, sentenced to six months in prison.

DESPITE the mildness of the sentence, the Socialists carried the case to the Supreme Court, and the hearing that was granted

may well serve as a preview of the expected hearing on the McCarran Act. The Socialists charged that the law was a flagrant violation of the freedom of press guarantee contained in the Bill of Rights. They quite obviously banked heavily on the influence in the court at that time of the famed liberal jurist, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose reputation had been built to a considerable degree upon his unwavering defense of the Bill of Rights.

The Assistant Attorney General, speaking in behalf of the Government, retorted that, when a few exercise a freedom in such a way as to endanger the many, that freedom may be abridged.

At the time the case was heard, the war had ended, peace was restored and the draft was terminated; aside from legal circles, there was little public interest evidenced.

Nevertheless, there was an air of tension in the circular, low-ceilinged courtroom as the nine black-robed justices filed in to announce their ruling. The Socialists were openly jubilant as a result of a rumor that the conservative members of the court had been won over by Justice Holmes, and that the court stood unanimously for acquittal.

Their jubilation slowly evaporated, however, as the clerk read the lengthy decision in a low, droning voice, citing point after point substantiating the Government's case. It changed to outright dismay when the clerk came to the vital clause

in which the Court's finding was summed up:

"The question in every case is whether the words (or deeds) come in such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger of a substantive evil which Congress has a right to prevent."

There it was — a new doctrine. The conviction of Schenck was upheld. And the question that will confront the Court when the McCarran Act is challenged is whether or not the clearly established activities of the Communist Party do come in "such circumstances and are of such a nature as to create a clear and present danger of a substantive evil which Congress has the right to prevent."

And there was no waiting after the Schenck decision for one of the famed dissents by the Great Dissenter. For the opinion in which the new doctrine was enunciated was written by none other than Mr. Justice Holmes himself.

And, interestingly enough, the lawyer who had so ably presented the Government's case was a young Assistant Attorney General by the name of John Lord O'Brian, the same lawyer who has so recently and so energetically attacked the constitutionality of the McCarran Act and the SCAB controls imposed last spring on the Communist Party; and, inferentially, the historic, constitutional doctrine that he had helped to develop.

THE BUSYBODY

By John McCarthy

DECADES before TV was even dreamed of, many families in Philadelphia, Baltimore and St. Louis were viewing in their living rooms and bedrooms a continuous newsreel of all the outside activities on the streets immediately adjoining their homes. This was made possible through a gadget the manufacturer called "Window Mirrors" but which was popularly known as "The Busybody."

Although extinct today, the Busybody had a tremendous vogue, particularly in Philadelphia, where it was invented, from 1875 to about 1910. It enjoyed wide acceptance because the Busybody had a practical use for the housewife as well as entertainment value for the entire family.

Thanks to the Busybody, the housewife was able to size up any callers on her doorstep without their knowing it and thus could use her own judgment as to whether or not she was at home to them. If she desired some diversion from her household duties during the day, the Busybody provided it, because it afforded her a close-up observation of what was going on up and down both sides of her street. Should there be a brawl two blocks down

in front of Murphy's Saloon, the Busybody furnished her with a ring-side seat right in her own front parlor. Of a late afternoon, it also enabled her to see whether or not Hubby had left Murphy's in a weaving condition. If he had, she would be fully prepared for him when he arrived home, even though Hubby might have straightened himself up en route.

On Sundays, when the neighborhood would be alive with promenaders and carriages, the whole family would take turns at the Busybody to watch the passing parade.

Scientifically constructed from two mirrors, the Busybody was usually placed outside a second-story window at an angle of 45 degrees. The mirrors, arranged wing-wise, showed two sides of the street in both directions from six to eight blocks. A third glass was poised at such an angle that those within could observe a caller at the door without being seen themselves. The Busybody was fastened by a cleat to the window sill, which made it possible to put it outside or in as easily as the window was raised. The cleat had a thumbscrew to secure the gadget, which could be fitted to any window on the second or third

floor with equally snooppy results. An adjustable "knee" in the frame allowed the Busybody to be raised or lowered to the necessary height which the viewer desired.

If the mirrors were mounted in tin, the Busybody sold new from \$4.75 to \$5.75, depending upon the size. A copper-mounted Busybody cost between \$7 and \$8. Considering the prices of TV sets today, those sums were reasonable. In its heyday, the Busybody was a demand item in department and hardware stores.

I remember that when I was a youngster in Philadelphia our neighborhood was dotted with Busybodies. We lived in one of those typical Philadelphia blocks which had row after row of three-storied, flat-fronted brick houses jammed up against one another. The living rooms, or parlors, as they were then called, were always on the second-floor front and that was where the Busybody was usually placed.

A DOOR-TO-DOOR salesman in those days rarely made a sale in our neighborhood. Through the Busybody, the housewives would spot him and just fail to answer the bell. Ditto for unpopular relatives and friends. On the other hand, unexpected but welcome callers, such as the local minister, ward-heeler, old friends or beaux, would usually be kept waiting on the doorstep a long time while the ladies tidied up the home and made themselves presentable before opening the front

door. Knowing about the Busybody above, callers in those times were accustomed to the long pause and rarely objected.

Occasionally, a married couple would have a domestic spat in front of their home. For weeks thereafter it would be a subject of conversation throughout the neighborhood because, via the Busybody, every family in the adjoining blocks up and down the street would have had a blow-by-blow view of the squabble.

Exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876, the Busybody intrigued many visitors, especially those from Baltimore and St. Louis, where the houses were similarly built and arranged row after row as in Philadelphia. Many Baltimoreans and St. Louisans purchased Busybodies for their own homes. Though use of the Busybody was extensive in those cities, it never matched the gadget's large-scale popularity with Philadelphians. In the Nineties, Busybodies were so numerous in Philadelphia that they were considered as much a symbol of the Quaker City as scrapple, pepper pot and Fish House punch.

The passing of the Busybody came with the newer designs of houses which included porches and awnings. Oddly enough, the Busybody has never become an item of the antique collectors. It has just disappeared. However, at least one Busybody has been preserved for posterity and can be viewed today at the Atwater Kent Museum in Philadelphia.

Front Line in World War III

By J. M. Carroll

IF WAR comes again, my English home may be right in the front line the first day of the Russian offensive! I live in that part of England which juts out across the North Sea toward the Low Countries of Europe, and which is known as East Anglia.

This corner of Britain is familiar to thousands of United States citizens who served there with the 8th Air Force between 1943 and 1946.

Many Americans must carry vivid recollections of some tiny village of thatch-roofed, lath-and-plaster houses, nestling round its church. Each will carry memories of the gently undulating countryside: Suffolk, with its unending acres of sugar-beet, sprouts, cabbages and grain; or Norfolk, with its heather, pine trees and gleaming fields of barley — and everywhere the aerodromes, dozens of them, with their wind-swept runways and corrugated iron huts, their mess rooms and air raid shelters, their coarse grass and heavily wired perimeters.

All remains today very much as

the 8th Air Force left it. The aerodromes are still there, and if some are now moldering into decay — the huts roofless, grass and weeds forcing through the tarmac of the runways, the farmers busy on every square foot of land that can be tilled or sown — the majority are still operational. For war they were built, and for war they are ready now, the difference being that seven years ago they were the springboards for the Allied air offensive on Nazi Germany; today, they are the bases for a counter-offensive to any attack by Soviet Russia.

Nor were they deserted for long. After the U. S. Liberators and Forts of 1945 left the 'drome on which I can look out from my bedroom window, it became, for a time, the home of British Lancasters and Halifaxes. Now the Americans are back and the station is the base for the first squadron of Sabre jets to land in Britain. The planes, with their swept back wings, snarl over my house like angry pterodactyls, to engage in

mock battles high overhead with Meteor jets from one or other of the R.A.F. stations in the neighborhood.

Occasionally, a U. S. Superfort passes majestically across the Suffolk sky, in summer sunshine a glittering silver speck against the blue, in winter no more than a faraway drone above and behind the rain-swollen clouds. It is no longer a secret that the Superforts are, by agreement with Britain, stationed on bases in Suffolk so as to be able, in the event of war, to deliver the atom bomb onto Soviet territory by the shortest route available from the West. The fighters, British and U. S., are there to defend these bases and, indeed, the whole of the "unsinkable aircraft carrier" that is Britain, from attack from the East — attack that, if war comes, is much more likely than many of our strategists seem to imagine.

Indeed, it is a matter of some concern that defense thinking, on both sides of the Atlantic, seems to be so colored by what happened in 1914 and 1939. Because World Wars I and II both began with the invasion of Western Europe by German armies, the general view seems to be that another war will see the same course taken by Russia. It's fair to ask if this assessment of probable Russian strategy is well-founded. I do not think so, and I further believe that any student of Russian aims and interests can discover that for himself.

LET US go back to first principles, and decide why Russia should want to make war on the West at all. Russia may involuntarily involve the world in war as a result of infiltration tactics elsewhere, but for an intentional move against Western Europe, Britain and the U.S.A., she must have some overmastering and concrete objective in mind. This is certainly not the forcible conversion of millions of Westerners to the creed of Karl Marx. The era of wars of religion ended five centuries ago. It is certainly not territory. Neither Russia nor China wants space.

What they do both want desperately, for their civil as much as their military needs, is the productive capacity and managerial and technical skill of the West, the plants and factories which can make tractors and bulldozers, refrigerators and washing machines, furniture and television sets, as well as tanks and guns; and the skilled engineers, draftsmen and operatives to man the engines of production. These are the things of which all the Communist countries are critically short, and without which they cannot improve the dismally low standards of life of their peoples. Technological deficiencies are, indeed, one of the main reasons for the Iron Curtain, as well as a source of constant danger to the continuance of the Communist regimes.

Thus, one of the causes of another war, as well as the enemy's objec-

tive in precipitating one, may be the West's industrial capacity. We can reasonably assume that Russia will not seek to gain possession of it by methods which, from the outset, are best calculated to ensure its destruction. In other words, the suggestion that she will concentrate on bombing, whether by high-explosive or nuclear-fission, does not make sense.

IT MUST surely be taken for granted that the students of the Kremlin will have studied the campaigns of 1914-18 and 1939-45. They will have noted how the efficient and confident German General Staff twice set out to conquer Europe and the world by following the land route. In short, the Kremlin back-room boys will have noted that Hitler, like the Kaiser, failed because he took first things second. Both these German war lords set out to master Europe first and Britain next, and both were beaten. The moral seems to me to be inescapable, and poses the alternative course — the problem of how to attack Britain first, directly, and without warning.

Attack from the sea may be ruled out. Britain can be expected to rule the shallow waves around her coasts, and the Royal Navy to act as the same sure shield and ample deterrent to any Soviet naval attack that she has been against the efforts of Germany's surface fleets. Submarine blockade is, of

course, another problem, but again poses a long process of wearing down. The air is a different matter altogether.

So long as the stroke is unadvertised, so long as — which appears, oddly enough, to be an assumption regarding the outbreak of another war — there is no formal declaration of a state of hostilities, there seems, to the layman, no reason why the Russians should not stake their big money on the not outrageous gamble of trying to turn the whole flank of the carefully prepared western defenses by a concentrated airborne attack on Britain.

The first move in a Third War might well be a surprise air invasion of Britain, with the primary object of destroying the Suffolk Superfort base, and of doing as much damage to industrial plants and munitions works as possible, with the aim of crippling Britain's war effort. It is not claimed that the basic plan would be an air invasion on a scale ambitious enough to master the country, although initial success might be such that, if exploited, it could lead to the occupation of important areas.

UNLIKE a land invasion, an airborne invasion could be concentrated without exciting too much attention. It could be built up on a number of airfields in Eastern Germany, Poland and Czechoslovakia, as well as in Russia itself. Once launched, it could reach its

objective in hours instead of weeks and by-pass any existing defenses except the close-defense fighter screen around the British Isles. The Russian air armadas could not escape detection on their way to their objectives, but this would be too late for the defense to do much more than send up duty teams of fighters. In any case, the invading aircraft would be heavily escorted by fighters and, since they would be making for a number of targets, the task of the defense would be made so much the more difficult. That many would get through is certain.

And if they did, what then? Remember that they would be landing, mobile and fully equipped, in one of the most densely populated and industrialized countries of the world — a country organized as a bomber base and repair workshop, and crowded, therefore, with aerodromes and factories, defended principally, if not entirely, against attack from bombing or guided missiles, and among whose inhabitants the carrying of lethal weapons is strictly forbidden by law.

The British Army, furthermore, has been trained primarily to help the French, the Belgians, the Dutch, the Danes and the others to hold up the Russian steam roller on its majestic course across the flat lands of northern Europe. Virtually the whole Army would be stationed in Europe when the invasion of England took place. Hence England's

soldiers would be forced to turn and face the enemy in hand-to-hand combat on their own hearthstones. There is no doubt of the resistance that would be put up, both individually and collectively, by the British people as well as by such troops as were available. Unfortunately, there is equally no doubt of the panic rush of people from the invaded centers, speedily involving large areas in traffic chaos and disorganization, which would do the invaders' work as well as his bayonets or tommy guns.

In short, in a matter of days, Britain could be turned into the main theater of active operations, while the Continent remained alerted — but inactive. It could happen that the Russians might swamp the surprised defenses of the British Isles and build up their invasion forces until they were masters of parts of the country.

Nor is this contingency something which has occurred only to me, as I open my bedroom window and look out to where, half a mile away, the mile-long runway of the deserted U. S. 8th Air Force aerodrome of Knettishall stretches away into the darkness. (There are many such ready-made landing grounds in East Anglia, all at present unguarded.) Mr. Churchill, who has surely earned the right to be described as a realist, has publicly proclaimed his belief that Britain's danger in a Third World War is not bombs but airborne assault.

Humor On Capitol Hill

By
HENRY OLIVER

SOME typically American humor originates in the cloakrooms of the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives. Generally speaking, it's that dry, quiet, sardonic humor that draws the quiet chuckle rather than the belly laugh.

One story concerns a former Secretary of State, for years a member of the House, and for years a member of the Senate, the ailing Cordell Hull. Throughout his Congressional career, the greatly respected Mr. Hull was especially known for his concise, forthright — and sometimes acrimonious — comments. There was nothing devious nor subtle about Mr. Hull while he was in Congress. But, when he moved into the more ethereal atmosphere of the State Department, Mr. Hull underwent a pronounced change.

As the Secretary, Mr. Hull was reminded daily by his advisers that the whole world listened to every syllable he uttered in public. He must weigh each word, in the light of its import not only in the United States but also in such diverse, strange and far-flung countries as Germany, Russia, and Nepal. He must exercise, above all, caution.

The Senate cloakroom story goes that Claude Pepper, when a freshman Senator from Florida, tried hard to get from Secretary Hull a specific comment on his Department's position regarding a minor

Latin-American issue. Completely frustrated, the new Senator was airing his grievance freely in the Senate cloakroom.

"Why that man," the Senator fumed, "won't even tell a member of the U.S. Senate the correct time of day when he asks him for it."

"Claude, you are doing Cordell a great injustice," one of the older members of the Senate said. "He has to weigh every single word. Now your trouble is that you do not phrase your question precisely. For instance, you ask him what time it is. Now the Secretary knows that it may be 11:55 A.M. here in Washington. But he must also remember that it is hours earlier in London, and hours later in Tokyo. Ask him what the time is, Eastern Standard Time, in Washington, D. C. Do that, and I'll bet you get a specific answer."

Well, a small bet was laid. A few days later the Senator caught Mr. Hull as they were emerging from a committee meeting.

"Excuse me, Mr. Secretary," he asked, politely, "would you mind telling me the time? Eastern Standard Time, in Washington, D. C., that is?"

The Secretary instinctively fished out a huge yellow-gold watch, glanced at it, then hesitated.

"What time do *you* have, Senator?"

**WEBER**

In The Year 1928 . . .

Remember Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" and Fannie Brice in "My Man"? These were advertised as the best talking pictures on Broadway that year of 1928 when the Weber Dental Manufacturing Company was already thirty years old.

The banks were paying 4½% on savings, Herbert Hoover had defeated Al Smith; Helen Wills, Bobby Jones, Babe Ruth, and Chris Cagle were big names in sports, and a December headline proclaimed that "television is prominent in predictions for 1929."

While these items occupied national interest more than two decades ago, The Weber Dental Manufacturing Company was progressing quietly along the path towards better dental equipment for better service to the profession.

Two new products were added that year — the footpump chair and the dental engine. Many of that "first run of '28" are still in service, attesting to the quality which has always been the watchword of the Weber Company.

Thirty years of research and development had produced by 1928 the first dental cuspidor (1898) and the Weber X-Ray (1925), together with these newest products, the chair and the engine.

Steadily, purposefully, effectively, we were making our way among the leaders in the dental equipment field. Today, more than fifty years of "know-how" go into every item of dental equipment produced at our large modern factory in Canton, Ohio. Weber equipment has stood the test of time.

Yes, the Weber Company is proud of its fine dental equipment and proud, too, of the role it has played in the history of progressive dentistry.

The WEBER Dental Manufacturing Company
Canton, Ohio and dealers in major cities